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SIXPENCE.

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PRIMATE AND NEGRO PREACHER: THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND THE REV. BOOKER WASHINGTON VISITING THE SLUMS OF NEW YORK.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

The Archbishop is said to have remarked that the New York "tenements" were not so bad as the worst parts of Whitechapel.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Reading with becoming gravity the transactions of the Church Congress, I was a little surprised to find a gifted layman proposing to revive the belief in witchcraft. He described his triumphant encounter with a sceptic who had declaimed against our ancestors for burning witches in the name of religion. "How do you know they were not witches?" asked the gifted layman; and the sceptic was silenced. This retort interrogative deserves to be widely practised. If you hear a flippant person sneering at the notion that witches rode on broomsticks to their unholy rendezvous, you can catch him out beautifully by asking blandly, "How do you know they were not broomsticks?" Torquemada used to burn heretics on the plea of saving their souls. The plea is now regarded as unsound; but you can put it at once on the basis of irrefutable logic by asking, "How do you know he did not save them?" It was long believed, especially in Italy, that thunderstorms were got up by demons to harass the faithful. The conspirators had a diabolical joy in wrecking church belfries with forked lightning when they could prevail over the bells which had been consecrated expressly to baffle them. In later times a lightning-rod was found more effective than all the clangour of ecclesiastical metal, and thunderstorms gradually lost their demoniacal character. No doubt it will revive when the gifted layman asks, "How do you know they were not demons?"

If the counsel for the defence in the recent trial of West End palmists had thought of this brilliant device, if he had attended the Church Congress, and caught inspiration from that gifted layman, he might have made the jury tremble, and secured a verdict. "Gentlemen," he would have said, "My clients are charged with obtaining money by false pretences. It is alleged to be a false pretence to tell fortunes. How do you know the fortunes are not true? My learned friend has scoffed at crystal-gazing. How does he know that my clients, looking into crystals, have not already seen there something exceedingly unpleasant that is going to befall my learned friend? Gentlemen, I have no wish to intimidate you; but I feel bound to say that my clients have consulted the crystal on your account; and that they have seen you in great peril—something very horrible, which is written on the slip of paper I hold in my hand. If the Bench will permit it, this shall be handed to each of you in turn. My learned friend will say it is another false pretence; but again I ask, 'How does he know?'" This would have been followed by a still more remarkable scene, for the gifted layman, as much at home in the Law Courts as at the Church Congress and elsewhere, would have bounded up in wig and gown, and asked in his persuasive way, "May I suggest that, in conformity with the ancient and venerable practice of the law, so faithfully expounded by Sir Matthew Hale, the prisoners should now be taken out and burnt?"

I rather wonder that the exceeding mildness of the sentence on the palmists has not excited suspicion. Was the Bench uneasy about its own fate in the crystal? Instead of going to gaol, as people usually do who are convicted of obtaining money under false pretences, the palmists were let off with a warning not to do it any more. They were amiably advised to adopt some other means of livelihood. They might, for instance, set up as sporting prophets, provided they did not choose the street or the public-house as the place to tell the fortunes of a public eager to "spot the winner." How admirable is the law under which it is our blessing to live! For pure love of consistency it condemns the Bond Street palmist because it is in the habit of condemning the fortune-telling gypsy; but it will not let the sporting prophet back his fancy at the street-corner, although it is perfectly complaisant when he does his business on the race-course. No wonder we are so law-abiding when we see the exquisite sense with which the law adapts itself to the moral needs of the people. Betting is a vice which has ruined thousands whom the law has not moved a finger to save; but who has ever suffered at the hands of a fortune-teller? Does the servant-girl, who gives sixpence to a gypsy, and dreams for a night or two of the dark butcher or the blond milkman, who is to be the Fairy Prince of this Cinderella—does she get more harm by this than by the moonshine of the penny novelette? Do we believe that the well-to-do patronesses of the Bond Street soothsayers took palmistry or crystal-gazing as anything but a pastime; or that, if they were credulous, it was worth while to set the law in motion to protect their credulity?

Credulous folk, as a rule, and in any serious affair, are left to take care of themselves. No philanthropic millionaire spends his money to keep them out of the clutches of company-promoters. No enterprising journal is hunting down the circus showmen whose marvellous "freaks" inside the tent are not "up to the posters." I am surprised at this, for here surely is glorious scope for the lover of truth. Think of announcing to a million

subscribers that the Two-Headed Crocodile of the Ganges is no such thing, and that his fraudulent owner will never again look the world in the face! This, I fancy, would be a more durable achievement than the exposure of the palmists; for it was admitted by the prosecution in the recent case that palmistry is legitimate while it confines itself to the character in your hand. The phrenologist is not prosecuted for obtaining fees on false pretences when he informs you that your bumps denote a capacity for ruling England or for establishing newspapers with the largest circulation. If the palmist, brooding over your hand, announces that you are a man of inflexible resolution and other qualities which make Prime Ministers, you may pay your guinea like a law-abiding citizen. But if you should say to him, "Shall I be Prime Minister?" and he should answer "Yes," then he is a fortune-teller, and it will be your joyous duty to call in the police. Will you do it? When your hostess at an evening party, fearful of having her rooms overcrowded, murmurs in your ear: "There's such a nice palmist in a cupboard under the stairs; do take Miss Green to have her fortune told," will you say to that lady, "Pray let me remind you, Miss Green, that fortune-telling is illegal; you mustn't let the palmist tell you anything more than your enchanting disposition, which we all know already?"

A very literal gentleman, who writes in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, warns Mr. Kipling against the "charlatanic pretence to hidden knowledge." In his new volume he has "a lot of stuff about 'the Egg' which it is given to very few of us to see." To weave a romance around a mystical Egg, and then to sell it to the public, is uncommonly like the game which leads to prosecution under the Witchcraft Act. Suppose somebody should write to the *Pall Mall Gazette* to say that his grandmother has been trying to suck that Egg, and that her mental state is alarming! Good heavens! Mr. Kipling had better have a care. He might be cross-examined by Mr. Gill, who would have great sport with the Egg. Moreover, Mr. Kipling's "ardent admirer" in the *Pall Mall* reminds him of various tales of his in which this "charlatanic pretence" is only too conspicuous. "We must all hope that he will be warned in time." Let him take the advice of a true friend, and confine his writing to the exposition of character, so as to keep within the legal status of the palmist, and avoid the perils of the occult. I begin to think that writers of ghost stories ought to be prosecuted. Have they not taken our money, and frightened us horribly? Are we not prepared to go into the witness-box and swear that we are afraid to go to bed? Mr. Gill will have roaring fun with the ghosts. "Of course there are no ghosts, gentlemen," he will say; "but the credulity of my clients must be protected." And then the gifted layman may bounce up again, and cry, "How do you know there are no ghosts?"

Mr. C. F. Keary, writer of novels, rebukes the critics in the *Independent Review* for their lack of imagination. Intellect with them, he says, is over-developed. Intellect wants to be interested, and imagination craves for beauty. When Mr. Stead discovers in "The Tempest" a prophecy of the majority at the next General Election, is this the effect of imagination or of over-developed intellect? And if it be imagination, where is the beauty? General Elections may be interesting; but their æsthetic charm is not obvious. Mr. Keary, who would have us find beauty in certain masterpieces of fiction, has to admit that they are "sordid and terrible"; but their beauty, he pleads, lies in their sincerity. A pigsty in a picture, he adds, is beautiful if it be painted with sincerity. And if a critic writes with sincerity, I suppose he is beautiful too, though you might never suspect it by looking at him.

"Did anyone say that Darwin was a *décadent* because he made a study of earthworms?" asks Mr. Keary. No, but has any poet written an "Ode to an Earthworm"? Did Keats say that the earthworm was a joy for ever? The function of earthworms, as Darwin pointed out, is to digest the earth's crust and make it fit for our convenience. We are very much obliged to them: but do we celebrate their useful office in song or story? Still, some novelist might vindicate Mr. Keary's paradox by writing the "Romance of an Earthworm," so as to make it beautiful but not interesting. As for the pigsty, it has a secure place in the national poetry of childhood. What tender associations are wreathed around the legend which begins: "This little pig went to market; this little pig stayed at home"! In painting, the pigsty is alluring, if only for the delicate odour of varnish which surprises the senses. In actual life it is the joy of country gentlemen who breed prize pigs. But in the novelist's art the most sincere and faithful portraiture of the human sty, which Mr. Keary would reconcile with the true and the beautiful, doth something smack, as Launcelot Gobbo would say. It smacks so much that the critic can appreciate it only by developing his intellect at the cost of his sensibilities.

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R.N.

There are many indications that the pause in active operations which followed the great battle at Liao-yang is now at an end. The surprising address which Kuropatkin issued to his troops at the beginning of the month and the movements which have since been reported are sure signs that the Russians have at last determined to take the offensive. Although it would be unwise to put too great faith in the announcements recording Japanese defeats, it is quite possible that Marshal Oyama is withdrawing the foremost screen of outposts in order to prepare for concentration in more favourable positions than those he has previously occupied.

The style of the address published in the *Official Messenger* at St. Petersburg is so unlike that of Kuropatkin in the very terse and businesslike documents of his which have hitherto seen the light of day, that doubts have been expressed as to its authenticity. In all probability it must be read as the joint production of Alexeieff and Kuropatkin, with editorial emendations by the higher authorities in the West. In parts this order of the day is almost self-contradictory, since it at the same time renews the old charge of treachery against the Japanese in connection with the first attack on Port Arthur, denounces their "arrogance," and then recognises them as "our strong and gallant foe." The mixture of bombast and self-complacency which is to be found in the remarks about the previous "repulses" of the enemy's attacks, and the announcement that "the time has arrived for us to compel the Japanese to do our will," while they are ludicrous to those who know the facts, may have a certain significance as illustrating the methods thought necessary at St. Petersburg to arouse the ardour of the people and the enthusiasm of the troops which are yet to be sent to the scene of action. The real feelings of the Russian commander and the patriotic devotion of his men find more adequate expression in the virile appeal of the former to the latter, and in the well-deserved tribute to their stubborn endurance.

In spite of the announcement that this forward movement and the sacrifices which must be made to achieve it are intended "to relieve our brothers at Port Arthur, who for seven months have heroically maintained the defence of the fortress entrusted to their care," there are other reasons which, with an equal show of plausibility, might be deemed the real explanation. Doubtless there is a desire to relieve the strain at Port Arthur, where affairs must be in a very critical state; but the political situation is just as likely to have operated in connection with the inflexible wish of the Emperor as the hope of effecting a diversion in the Liao-yang Peninsula. Both sides have been heavily reinforced during the past month, but there is good cause to assume that the Japanese have received a somewhat larger accession of strength than their opponents. And if this be the case it does not appear that the Russian prospect of success is decidedly hopeful. If with inferior numbers the Japanese could force their adversaries to retire from Liao-yang, surely when superior and behind a strongly entrenched position they should prove themselves fully capable of holding their own when the real struggle begins. But it has become necessary, no doubt, to improve the *moral* of the army at Mukden. It is impossible that the frequent defeats and constant retirement to the north should not have had the worst effect in this connection. Herein in all probability lies the strongest inducement to Kuropatkin for the movement now in progress. What will be the result it would be futile to attempt to predict. But there is no reason whatever for supposing that Oyama and his Generals will not prove as astute, as far-seeing, and as prudent when in the position of assailed as they were when acting as the assailants. Moreover, opportunities may now be offered to them which we may be sure they will not be slow to take advantage of, and which may prove more decisive than their previous victories.

It is just as well that students of the war should realise that this order of the day, although we have only received it this week, must have originated in the circumstances of the last week of September. It is dated on Oct. 2 at Mukden, and from the Japanese side there was nothing to indicate at that time that special reasons existed for believing that they had suffered more than their opponents from the stress of the battle of Liao-yang. On the other hand, it had become very necessary, if not essential, to Russia to put heart both into the soldiers in Manchuria as well as the people at home. There were rumours, it will be remembered, of a further retreat, if not to Harbin certainly to Tie-ling. There were also the Tsar's appointments to a new army, with, possibly, difficulties in connection with the command. And then, again, the plight of General Stoessel at Port Arthur was believed to be desperate. Doubtless all these causes combined had their result in the address which we have recently received. But in all probability the Japanese, with their wonderful methods of acquiring information, have known of this intended advance for some time, and have made their preparations accordingly. Later advices announce that General Kuropatkin advanced to a point near the Yen-tai mines and engaged the Japanese with success. It was said that Kuroki's positions had been captured at a cost of a hundred men to the Russians. The combat, which was considered the prelude to a greater engagement, took place in a dust-storm.

The Tsar has inspected his fleet at Reval, and it is reported that the squadron has sailed for Libau. It would not, indeed, be surprising if it put to sea; it has even been suggested in this column that if proper forethought and provision were exercised, it would be taken for a short cruise. But we should be loth to connect the circumstance of Kuropatkin's taking the offensive in Manchuria with the departure of Rozhdestvensky's ships from Reval.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT," AT THE IMPERIAL.

So long as any play which Mr. Lewis Waller presents enables that deservedly popular actor to figure as a gallant and chivalrous hero, to be ever on the stage in exciting situations and picturesque attitudes, to flourish a sword and wear handsome costumes, to employ those ringing tones of his in tender love-making or strenuous rhetoric, his admirers seem to care little whether the vehicle of this display possesses the smallest artistic pretensions. Their primary, almost their sole, object in visiting the Imperial Theatre is to see and hear Lewis Waller, and all they ask of any playwright is that he or she shall fix on a period in which stirring deeds were possible and gay attire was the fashionable mode. They have their desire in "His Majesty's Servant," the work of Sarah Barnwell Elliott and Maud Hosford, two American ladies, who have turned to theatrical account the pre-Restoration adventures of Charles II., and have not troubled themselves with history, or sense of character, or probability of motive, or any such triviality, but have allowed Mr. Waller, in the rôle of an actor who is for ever defending a King who is himself for ever in danger, perennial opportunities of exploiting his attractive personality and appealing voice. How well the actor looks in his various disguises—as a Roundhead soldier, as a seventeenth-century Beaucaire, as a pseudo-King, far more royal than Mr. Esmond's King Charles; how prettily Miss Evelyn Millard and her manager play their love-passages together; how charming is the stage-scenery, from Boscobel Wood to the gilt room of Holland House, there is no need to insist: what does require emphasising is this, that, Mr. Waller notwithstanding, "His Majesty's Servant" is nothing more than tawdry, sham romance, every incident of which reeks of stalest melodrama.

"ZUTKA," AT THE HIPPODROME.

There is a spectacle or illusion now being shown at the London Hippodrome which is as puzzling to the brains of grown-up folk as was ever the first sight of "Jack-in-the-Box" to a young child. Out of a box, two feet high, two feet long, and eighteen inches wide, there emerges, when it is opened, an automaton figure of a man, dressed in pierrot fashion, which is over six feet in height and is proportionately bulky, and can yet with a touch be knocked down into its narrow receptacle. How this huge figure can be stowed away into so small a space is a problem that has baffled the comprehension of American audiences, and is likely to provoke no less curiosity at the Hippodrome. "Zutka," however, as this box-monster is styled, is but the latest addition to a long and excellent list of Hippodrome entertainers, among them being Mlle. Diane de Fontenoy, who, posing as an artist's model, makes picturesque appearances as Boadicea, as Lalla Rookh, as Cleopatra, as a Christian Devotee, and finally as Queen Alexandra in her Coronation robes.

MADAME BATAVIA, AT THE ITALIAN CIRCUS.

Of the many performing animals, some two hundred in all, which make so brave a show at the Italian Circus, in Argyll Street, Oxford Circus, the one which has aroused the most considerable attention and popular enthusiasm is Madame Batavia, the marvellously trained Himalayan bear, that offers so amusing and realistic a presentment of a gorgeously dressed lady of fashion. Only last week, in her picture-hat and brocaded dress, Madame created quite a commotion in Throgmorton Street, causing a regular block of traffic in that thoroughfare of brokers and "City" men. No less excitement was produced this week in Piccadilly and the Strand when the clever animal was driven to her tailors to be fitted for a new gown. But to see at her best what is surely the only bear that ever had a passion for the liquor known as stout, the curious must visit Hengler's, where they will find Madame Batavia the central figure in an interesting and piquant entertainment which claims to be "the only animal circus in the world."

MR. STEAD AT THE PLAY.

After waiting some fifty years longer than was necessary, Mr. W. T. Stead has been to the play. He chose Mr. Tree's representation of "The Tempest," but, reading his account of the visit, one is struck by the thought that what he saw would have been the "Midsummer Night's Dream," if, indeed, he had but chosen one of the splendid nights that September seemed to have saved from the wreckage of last year's summer. It was not the "Midsummer Night's Dream" of the great poet, but the less ordered, more wildly fanciful dream of a busy man who has long passed the years when the load of care and thought that envelops the most of us can be laid aside in the vestibule of the theatre. His brain, revolving by night and by day the sins of the capitalists who are in business to add to their store, the horrors of the South African War, the work of the indentured Chinamen, and the persistence in office of the Conservative party, could not consider a mere play. Caliban became the embodiment of democracy to the workworn eyes, Stephano masqueraded as Mr. Chamberlain, Trinculo became Lord Rosebery. The stage did not avail more to turn him from his obsessions than the incidents of daily life availed to keep Mr. Dick from consideration of King Charles. He seems to have seen with something of a touch of fancy the dainty beauty of Ariel, but the wings suggestive of faerie "jarred upon him." With all his knowledge of the world he combines a naïve innocence that is almost pathetic. "If all plays are like this

play," he says quaintly, "then the prejudice against the theatre is absurd." Alas for Mr. Stead, when he finds that "The Tempest" may be likened to Ariel, and that stageland will offer him upon other occasions, should he persist in his quest, hours with drunken Trinculo and Stephano—aye, and others worse than either! Set him among the musical comedies of the second class, and he will realise that at His Majesty's his lines had fallen in pleasant places.

It may be that Mr. Stead's detractors will see in his much-discussed visits to the theatre no more than a clever scheme to advertise his paper. Undoubtedly, the undertaking is good journalism, but it is more than that. At the *Pall Mall Gazette* and at the *Review of Reviews* Mr. Stead has lived, to a certain extent, outside the world with which he has dealt so vigorously. His only association with men of action has belonged to the hours when they have been men of thought. It is good for him, then, to come among the people and see them taking their pleasures, even though he cannot share them; for if he understands the amusements no better he will be nearer, at least, to the people he seeks to guide. So far as one may judge from his first impressions, the stage is not destined to find a place within the boundaries of the strenuous life that has claimed him so long. At best it is a garden enclosed, a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.

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OLIVE LATHAM. E. L. VOYNICH.

Cut this list out and send it to your library.

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

CANARY ISLANDS.—LAS PALMAS.
SANTA CATALINA HOTEL (English). Electric light throughout.
In the midst of its own beautiful gardens of about 20 acres, facing the sea. English physician and trained nurse resident. English Church. Golf, tennis, cycling, croquet, billiards.
THE CANARY ISLANDS CO. (Limited), 5, Lloyd's Avenue, E.C.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S
LUTON SPEECH.

Mr. Chamberlain reopened his fiscal campaign on Oct. 5 with a speech at Luton, in which he traversed once more the well-worn arguments of his case. His contention, he said, concerned the greatness of the Empire, the happiness of every home. He believed that in this matter of fiscal reform the people would teach their leaders. He himself had never belonged to the sitting-still school, and he had never been frightened into fits by the fear that the remedy would be worse than the disease. It was a mistake to keep one's umbrella shut up till one was wet through. He had no intention of going back to the state of things that prevailed before the Corn Laws were abolished. His proposals were moderate: a duty of two shillings a quarter on corn and 5 per cent. on all the various productions of the farm. This, he declared, was not a tax, but a toll; he would make the foreigner pay a small contribution for the benefit of the consumer at home. In answer to the question, "How can you pay duty and yet sell cheaply?" he would reply: "Because the manufacturer would be secure in his market, and therefore could produce much larger quantities." He welcomed the prospect of a conference with the Colonies, from which he declared we might derive hope of seeing the realisation of this great idea of union.

MR. BALFOUR AND
MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

The Prime Minister's speech at Edinburgh and Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Luton have excited much speculation. It is insisted by the Opposition that the two utterances are practically in unison. Mr. Balfour said he would rather resign than lead a Protectionist party; Mr. Chamberlain said he was no more a Protectionist of fifty years ago than he was a Free Trader of fifty years ago. Then the Imperial Conference proposed by Mr. Chamberlain is accepted in principle by Mr. Balfour, who will convene it should he get a majority at the General Election. The *Spectator* takes the Opposition view of the situation; but the *Standard* denies that Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain are at one. It argues that Mr. Balfour's policy of Retaliation is not Mr. Chamberlain's policy of Tariff Reform, and declares that the Tariff Reform League must be dissolved if Mr. Chamberlain is sincere in his adherence to the principles laid down at Edinburgh. Mr. Asquith, addressing his constituents, declared Retaliation to be Protection in disguise, and denied that Imperial unity demands any fiscal arrangement with the Colonies involving the taxation of food in this country.



Photo. Freitas.

DR. MANUEL QUINTANA,
NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE
REPUBLIC.HERR KUBELIK'S
RECITAL.

Herr Kubelik made his only appearance for the season at the Queen's Hall on Oct. 8, when he gave an exhibition that proved he has lost none of his matchless skill on the violin. He showed, indeed, a noticeable gain in expression and sympathy—a most welcome step in advance, for there were moments when even his sincerest admirers regretted what seemed too great a reliance on purely mechanical dexterity. Max Bruch's C minor Concerto, to which the piano accompaniment was finely played by Herr Ludwig Schwab, gave Kubelik several admirable moments. In Wieniawski's "Polonaise" and Paganini's "Nel cor piu" he won enthusiastic applause, and was constrained to grant an encore. Other artists who contributed to a most enjoyable concert were Señor Arbos and Herr Wilhelm Backhaus. Backhaus on the piano, like Kubelik on the violin, is still in the ascendant.

OUR PORTRAITS.

A journalist, and a very able journalist, all his life, Mr. John Hollingshead, who died on Oct. 10, in his seventy-eighth year, was yet better known to the general public as theatrical manager, the lighter of "the sacred lamp of burlesque," stage-director of the Alhambra Theatre under Strange, and manager of the old Gaiety. There for many years he adopted the policy of giving infinite variety—burlesque, farce, Shakspeare, old comedy. Phelps and Charles Mathews were frequently at the theatre; Bernhardt, Got, Delaunay, Bressant, and the other members of the Comédie-Française also appeared there; and there Nellie Farren, Edward Terry, Royce, Fred Leslie, and many others made their names household words under his management. It was Mr. Hollingshead, too, who first produced an Ibsen play in this country, who first gave Gilbert and Sullivan their chance with "Thespis," who first abolished all fees in his theatre, and who invented the system of trial matinées for new plays and new players. His journalistic career began after a spell of hard work as

clerk, rent-collector, printer's "devil," and commercial traveller; he attracted the attention of Dickens, when the great novelist was editor of *Household Words* and its successor, *All the Year Round*, and did much work for him; was at one time dramatic critic of the *Daily News*; a contributor to Edmund Yates's *The Train*; on the original staff of the *Cornhill* under Thackeray; and practically the originator of "descriptive reporting" as it is known to-day.

M. Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi, who died on Oct. 3, was best known as the sculptor of the colossal "Liberty,"

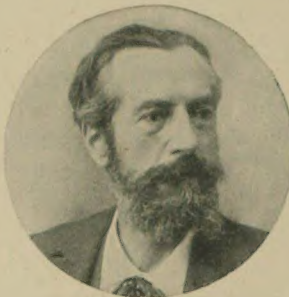
THE LATE M. F. A.
BARTHOLDI,
SCULPTOR OF THE STATUE
OF LIBERTY.

Photo. Garstin.

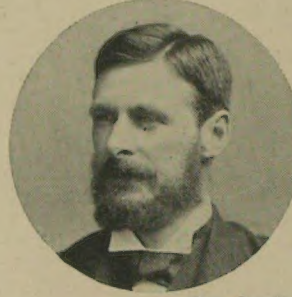
THE LATE MRS. ISABELLA
BISHOP
(NÉE ISABELLA BIRD),
TRAVELLER AND AUTHOR.

Photo. Russell.

THE LATE MR. HEYWOOD
JOHNSTONE,
M.P. FOR THE HORSHAM DIVISION
OF SUSSEX.

which was presented by France to the United States, and now dominates the entrance to New York Harbour; but this was by no means his only considerable work. From 1857 onwards he exhibited regularly at the Salons, and his "The Curse of Alsace," a group in bronze and marble, his "Les Loisirs de la Paix," and his "Lafayette Arriving in America" drew much

for arbitrating between two other lawyers in a railway matter. Dr. Quintana had made a previous bid for the Presidency, and has been Minister of the Interior.

The death of Mr. John Heywood Johnstone on Oct. 10 created a vacancy in the Horsham Division of Sussex, and removed one who, if he was not a commanding figure in Parliamentary life, was at least a recognised authority on the affairs of his constituency, and on details of local government administration and agriculture, as well as one whose tact and judgment caused his frequent appointment for Select Committee work. Mr. Johnstone, who was born in 1850, the son of a Cornish clergyman, was called to the Bar after graduating at Trinity College, Cambridge, and first essayed to enter Parliament in 1885, when he contested the St. Austell Division of Cornwall. He represented Horsham from 1893, and had served as Vice-Chairman of the West Sussex Quarter Sessions, chairman of the Police and Sanitary Committees, and member of the Sussex County Council.

Mrs. Isabella L. Bishop, who died on Oct. 7, was an indefatigable traveller and an equally indefatigable writer on her travels. She was twenty-two when, in 1852, she made her first journey, and twenty-six when she produced her first book, "The Englishwoman in America." Both journey and book heralded a series of others. At various times she visited Prince Edward Island, the Sandwich Islands, the Rocky Mountains, Japan, Persia and Kurdistan, Tibet, China, Korea, Siberia, and Morocco, and on most of them she wrote with knowledge and at length. Mrs. Bishop was the eldest daughter of the Rev. Edward Bird, Rector of Tattenhall, Cheshire, married Dr. John Bishop in 1881, and was widowed in 1886. She made it her business to be acquainted with lesser surgery, an accomplishment that stood her in good stead on occasion; and she did much valuable work in connection with medical missions, building five hospitals and an orphanage in the East.

Sir Richard Henry Wyatt, who died on Oct. 5 from injuries and shock received on Aug. 18, when he accidentally set fire to his clothes, was D.L. and J.P. for the Cinque Ports, Kent, and Merionethshire, High Sheriff of the latter county in 1885, Clerk of the Peace, the Lieutenantcy, and County Council of Surrey, and Government Parliamentary Agent—public duties which earned him his knighthood in 1883.



Photo. Jerrard.

THE LATE SIR R. H. WYATT,
FORMERLY GOVERNMENT PARLIA-
MENTARY AGENT.THE LIPPE-
DETMOLD
REGENCY.

Through the medium of the Imperial Chancellor, the Kaiser has caused to be issued an explanation of his recent telegram to Count Leopold refusing to recognise his regal status as Regent of Lippe-Detmold. Writing to Herr Commerzienrath Hoffmann, the Chancellor explains that the Emperor's real intention in sending his telegram was to convey the instruction that, for the present, the troops were not to take the oath to the Regent. His Majesty had the further purpose of communicating the grounds for this decision. He could not have set himself in opposition to the view of the Federal Council when the juridical situation had not been cleared up. Needless to say, any violation of the constitutional rights of the principality lay far from his Majesty's intention, and he had no idea of placing any obstacle in the way of Count Leopold's exercise of the regency for the time being.

KING PETER'S ANOINTING. On Oct. 9 King Peter underwent the fatigues of another coronation ceremony—the formal anointing at the church of Zicha. Wearing his full coronation robes, the Servian Monarch went in procession to the Cathedral, where he was received by the Metropolitan, Innocent, and four Bishops. During the celebration of High Mass his Majesty gradually laid aside his regal insignia, and on receiving the invitation to anointing, he handed his sword to his first aide-de-camp, and advanced to the Ikonostas. There the Metropolitan, holding the ampulla with the holy chrism, touched his Majesty with the anointing-rod on the forehead, the nose, the mouth, the ears, and the chest, making each time the sign of the Cross, and saying, "The seal of the Grace of the Holy Ghost."

The King then took Communion at the high altar, and prayers and an anthem concluded the ceremony.

THE CLOSE OF THE
TIBET EXPEDITION.

The Tibet Expedition is now officially at an end: on Oct. 7 the force was breaking up into small columns, and the General bade farewell to the troops at a parade, referring to the admirable conduct of all units in circumstances of the greatest difficulty and hardship. But there is much still to be discussed, and our friends in Russia are discussing it. The *Novoe Vremya*, referring to the view that the treaty with the Lassar authorities was

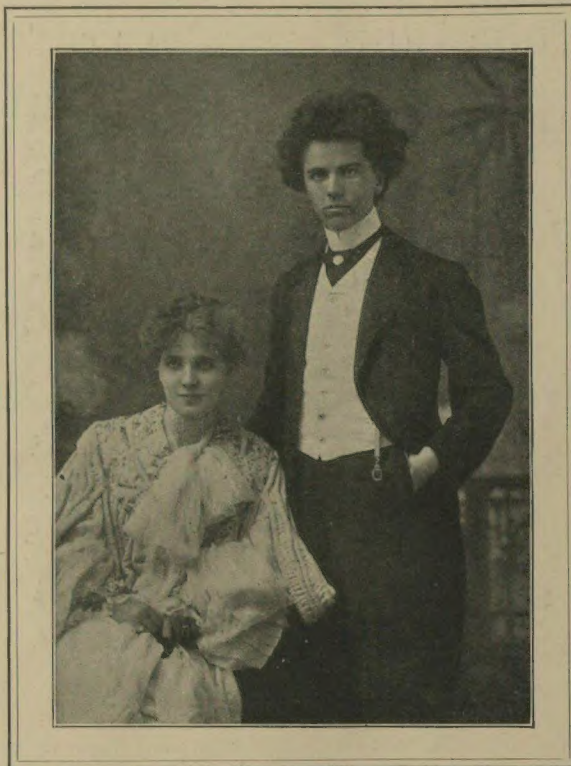


Photo. Ellis and Watery.

HERR KUBELIK'S ONLY RECITAL THIS SEASON:
THE VIOLINIST AND HIS WIFE.

attention. M. Bartholdi was born at Colmar, in Alsace-Lorraine, on April 2, 1834, and served with distinction on Garibaldi's staff during the Franco-German War.

Colonel Anstruther-Thomson, who died on Oct. 8, was one of the best-known sportsmen of his day. Retiring after some years' service with the 17th Lancers, the 9th Lancers, and the 13th Light Dragoons, during which he was Master of the packs of hounds main-



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MR. JOHN
HOLLINGSHEAD,
JOURNALIST AND THEATRICAL
MANAGER.

Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE COL. ANSTRUTHER-
THOMSON,
WELL-KNOWN SPORTSMAN.

Photo. Swaine.

MR. H. MARKS, J.P.,
NEW MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT
FOR THE ISLE OF THANET.

tained by the two latter regiments, he became, in turn, Master of the Atherstone Foxhounds, of the Five Foxhounds, again of the Atherstone, then of the Bicester and the Pytchley, Joint-Master of the Atherstone, and once more Master of the Fifeshire. The Colonel was born in 1818, and was twice married.

Dr. Manuel Quintana, who took his seat as President of the Argentine Republic on Oct. 12, was elected Constitutional head of the State for six years last July. He is well known in London-Argentine railway circles, and has been consulting lawyer to the most important lines in Buenos Ayres for some years. He is said to have received a fee of one hundred thousand dollars

KUROPATKIN'S NEW COLLEAGUE: THE COMMANDER OF THE SECOND MANCHURIAN ARMY.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



GENERAL GRIPENBERG, A DISTINGUISHED RUSSIAN VETERAN.

General Gripenberg, who received his new command together with an affectionate autograph letter from the Tsar, distinguished himself during the Polish insurrection of 1863. For services in the Turkestan Campaign of 1867 and 1868 he was decorated with the Cross of St. George. During the Russo-Turkish War he commanded the Moscow Regiment of the Guards, and was promoted Major-General. He has since held many military posts in Russia.

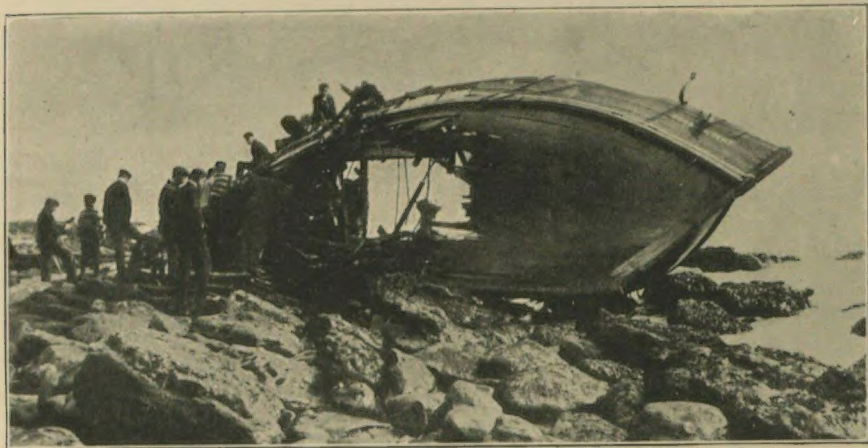
not signed by the Chinese Amban, remarks: "The treaty thus becomes more enigmatical than ever. . . . Some foreign newspapers, discussing the impression produced by the expedition to Lassa, proceed from the assumption that this expedition constitutes an overwhelming success for England, and at the same time

THE VANDERBILT CUP.

On Oct. 8 the first annual international long-distance motor-car race for the W. K. Vanderbilt Junior Cup was run at Long Island, New York. Eighteen competitors started, but the last car was numbered 19, 13 being

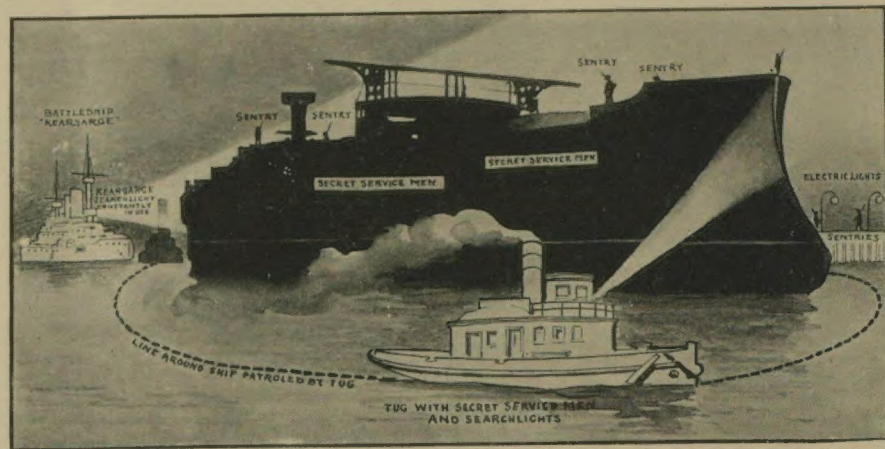
FRENCH DOCTORS IN LONDON.

A large number of eminent French doctors have been the guests of English physicians. The movement was inaugurated last June at a meeting held under the auspices of the Royal College of Surgeons, and the idea was



THE GALE OF OCTOBER 5: ONE OF THE WRECKED FISHING-SMACKS ON THE ROCKS OFF FOLKESTONE.

The Rye and Folkestone smacks were driven by a west-south-west gale on to the Mole rocks. The Folkestone life-boat put out to aid, and was for some time in distress.



From the "New York American."

GUARDING THE THREATENED BATTLE-SHIP "CONNECTICUT" IN NEW YORK HARBOUR.

Electric lights were installed so as to command the vessel on every side, and Secret-Service men were posted all over the building-yard and on board the ship itself.

a crushing blow to Russian policy in Asia. We are unable to adopt this point of view." The value of Tibet, it is declared, is as a centre of religion, not of commerce, and every Buddhist throughout the world, whether in India, China, or Russia, now declares that "the English have committed sacrilege." The movement in Urga is the best proof of this. . . . By their expedition to Lassa the English have violated the principle of religious toleration, while by the establishment of a veiled protectorate they have abandoned the principle of 'equal opportunity,' the principle of the open door, hitherto so ardently upheld by them."

For the first time in her successful career (fifteen races won on end), Pretty Polly, Major Eustace Loder's filly, was beaten in a race at Longchamp on Oct. 9. The occasion was the contest for the Prix du Conseil Municipal, and great interest was taken in the meeting, many British notabilities being present, including Lord Dalmeny. Pretty Polly was opposed by M. Gaston Dreyfus's Presto II., who made the running from the start, and practically had the race all to himself. Presto II. won finally by two lengths.

The public test of the most powerful fire and salvage boat yet constructed for any British port took place on Oct. 5, off Westminster Pier. The boat, which is built of steel, is 90 ft. long, 23 ft. beam, and draws only 3 ft. of water. It is driven by twin-screws, there are two

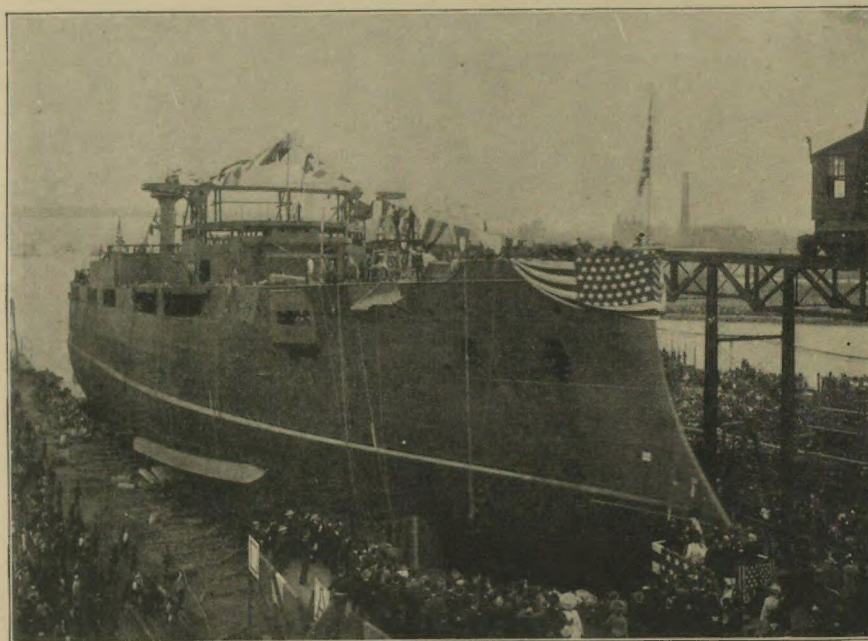


Photo-News.

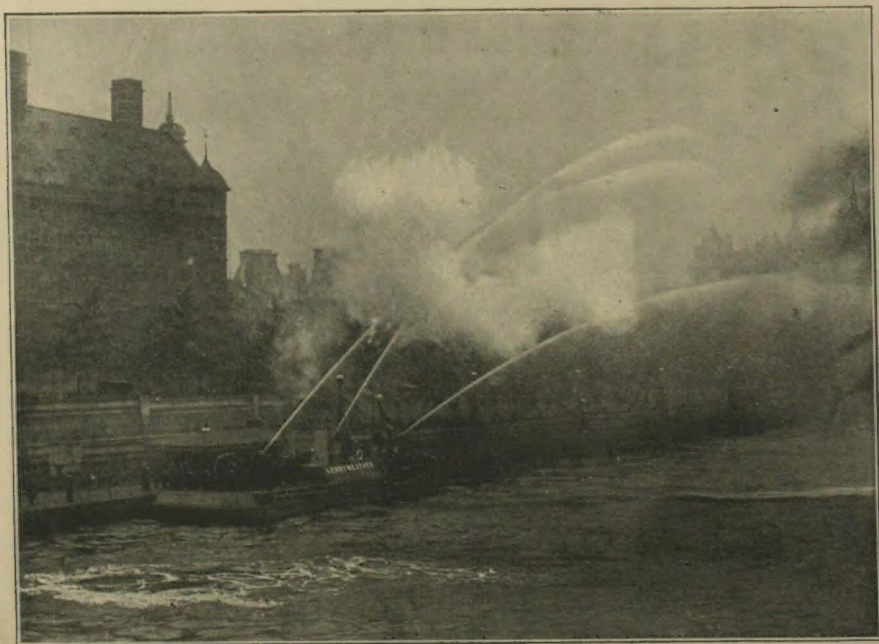
THE ALLEGED ATTEMPT TO DESTROY THE AMERICAN BATTLE-SHIP "CONNECTICUT": THE VESSEL IN THE NAVY YARD, NEW YORK.

Great consternation was caused in America owing to the alleged attempts to damage the U.S. battle-ship "Connecticut," launched from the Brooklyn Navy Yard on September 29. On the night of October 2 a hole was bored in the vessel below the water-line; and it was said that even before she was launched other attempts had been made to damage her. In another picture we have shown what precautions are being taken to guard the "Connecticut."

The politicians who told us that the Chinese labourers in the Transvaal mines had sold themselves into "slavery" had better study the *Daily Chronicle*. The special commissioner of that journal describes the coolies he has seen at work. So far from being "slaves," they insist upon having boiled eggs for breakfast, not the customary diet of the down-trodden and oppressed, and many of them refuse to do more than the minimum of work in order to earn the minimum wage of a shilling a day. Accustomed in their own country to earn about twopence-halfpenny a day, they find the sure and certain shilling perfect luxury. For the sake of the mines it is to be hoped that most of the Chinese labourers will display a more ambitious spirit.

ARMY REFORM.

A speech by Mr. Arnold-Forster, and a letter in the *Times* from Lord George Hamilton, may serve rather to increase than lessen the confusion in the public mind about the condition of the Army. Mr. Arnold-Forster, though opposed to conscription, admits that its advocates have a very real sense of the country's military needs. He throws out the ominous suggestion that we can have no efficient Army until the country has



THE MOST POWERFUL FIRE AND SALVAGE BOAT YET CONSTRUCTED: MANCHESTER'S NEW ACQUISITION.

"Greenwich" fire-pumps each throwing 2000 gallons per minute, and two centrifugal pumps for salvage work, each delivering 2500 gallons per minute. Three monitors are fitted on deck, and our illustration, from a photograph taken from Westminster Bridge, shows all three at work, each delivering a 2½-in. solid jet nearly 200 ft. Messrs. Merryweather are the builders.

the meeting did not pass without misfortune, for one mechanic, Karl Menzel, was killed, and a driver, Mr. Arent, was seriously injured. Every other competitor met with some mishap to his machine or himself. The race was won by Mr. George Heath, who covered 302 miles in 5 hours 26 min. 45 sec. He drove a 96-horse power Panhard and Levassor car.

a military spirit of the best kind. The prevalent idea, even after all that happened in South Africa, is that no preparation for war is ever necessary. Lord George Hamilton is apparently thinking of nothing but the reduction of expenditure. He seems to believe that forts, naval bases, arsenals, and coaling-stations need no troops. Their defence should be left entirely to the Navy.



Photo. Bakulin.

A RUNAWAY ENGINE: A LOCOMOTIVE OVERTURNED AFTER A FLIGHT OF FIVE MILES FROM THE MOSCOW-BREST STATION IN MOSCOW.

THE 900TH BIRTHDAY OF GROTTAFERRATA: A GREEK FORTRESS-MONASTERY IN ITALY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABENIACAR.



1. PROCESSION OF PUPILS OF THE ABBEY COLLEGE.

2. THE ABBOT'S PROCESSION: DIGNITARIES OF THE GREEK CHURCH.

3. THE HISTORIC GATEWAY OF THE ABBEY.

4. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ABBEY.

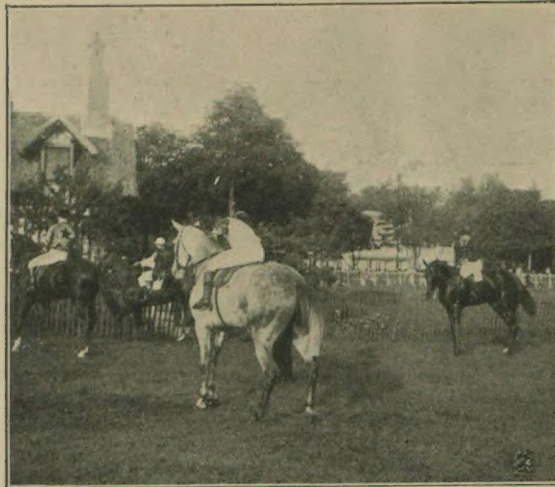
5. THE GARDEN AND PORTICO.

6. THE BENEDICTION AFTER THE COMMEMORATION SERVICE.

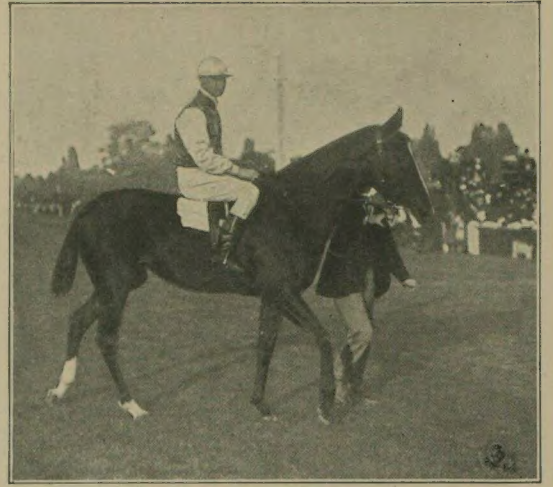
On September 26 began a series of celebrations, which will last till May, in honour of the 900th anniversary of the foundation by St. Nilus of a Greek abbey on Italian soil. The abbey is called Grottaferrata, from the iron railing which the founder placed round the picture of the Virgin in a grotto near by. Grottaferrata has the additional interest of being built on the reputed site of Cicero's villa. Bishops of the Greek rite attended the opening ceremonies, and the Pope sent a representative. This religious house formerly afforded a go-between for the Eastern and Western Churches.



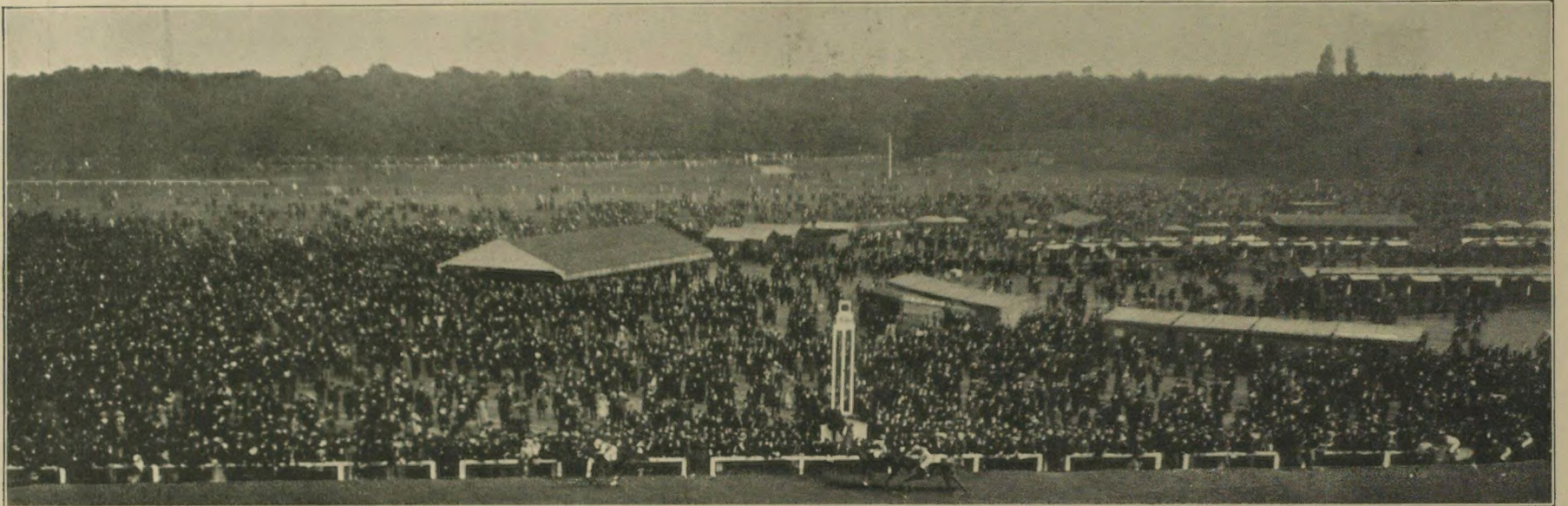
MAJOR EUSTACE LODER'S PRETTY POLLY.



Frisquet. Presto II. Hebron. Rataplan.
THE WINNER AND OTHER COMPETITORS BEFORE THE START
FOR THE PRIX DU CONSEIL MUNICIPAL.



VICTOR OVER PRETTY POLLY: M. GASTON DREYFUS'S
PRESTO II.



THE FINISH FOR THE PRIX DU CONSEIL MUNICIPAL: PRESTO II. BEATS PRETTY POLLY.

PRETTY POLLY'S FIRST DEFEAT: THE VICTOR IN FIFTEEN CONSECUTIVE RACES BEATEN FOR THE PRIX DU CONSEIL MUNICIPAL, AT LONGCHAMP, OCTOBER 9.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROL, TRESCA.



Photo.-Nouvelles.

A BRIDGE OF KIT-BAGS: COLONEL GIRARD'S DEVICE OF FLOATING KIT-BAGS.



Photo.-Nouvelles.

A RAFT OF KIT-BAGS AFLOAT: THE NEW DEVICE ADOPTED BY THE FRENCH ARMY.



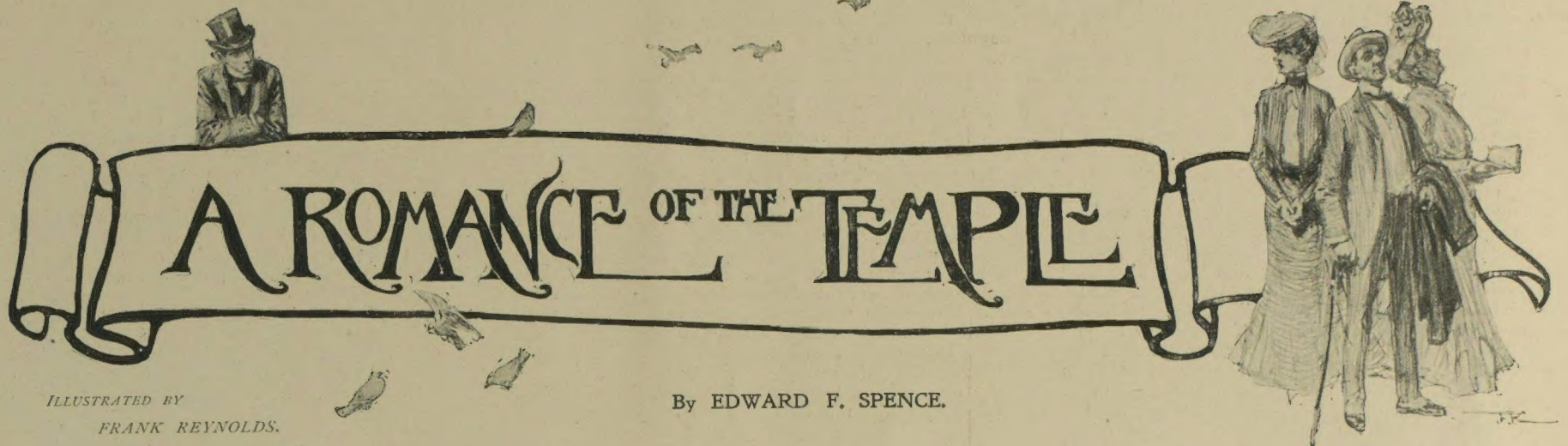
Photo. Topical Press.

THE WINNING MOTOR OF THE VANDERBILT CUP MOTOR-RACE: MR. GEORGE HEATH'S
PANHARD-LEVASSOR CAR.



Photo. Ryan.

FRENCH DOCTORS IN LONDON: A GROUP IN THE OPERATING THEATRE
AT KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL.



ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK REYNOLDS.

By EDWARD F. SPENCE.

"CAN you tell me how to get into that building, Sir?" said somebody in a hard, high, American voice.

The young man to whom the words were addressed turned round and found three people looking at him: an elderly, tall man with a rather dried-up face and big glasses; a middle-aged woman with face rendered startling by what looked like haunted eyes (she was dressed in a wonderful "création" from a Paris house domiciled in London); and a beautiful young woman, tall, well built and developed, noteworthy in eyes too, since hers were large and rather languorous; her features were regular, indeed classic in line, her skin was perfect in quality, and her costume and pert travelling hat seemed a triumph of the "tailor-made." The young man had a clean-shaven face with an eager disappointed look, a face that prosperity would have made handsome, and ill-fortune had rendered subtly beautiful. He was rather shabby, though his clothes were well cut and carefully brushed.

The young man, Cecil Chambers by name, replied, "You have only to knock at the door and someone will open it"; then he looked at the girl and her beauty warmed him, so he added, "Let me show you," and he beat upon the door with his fist. No one came for a while. "It seems they are slow in this old place," said the hard voice.

"Perhaps they are getting slow with age," he answered; "it is a very ancient building. Look at this beautiful Romanesque moulding, which will introduce you to one of the three circular naved churches in our country."

"Oh," said the hard voice, "you are quite a guide."

"Perhaps one of the best in the Temple," replied the barrister, "for I love the old building, and know every inch of it and its history by heart."

The door was opened and the four entered, the man of law leading the way. He took them through the building, explaining this and that with an enthusiasm which grew intense as he looked at the beautiful young girl.

After a while the owner of the hard voice said, "I thought there were some tombs of the Parrington family in this old church?"

"Yes, yes," replied the amateur guide; "they are upstairs in a gallery round the nave, which tourists generally are not allowed to visit."

He obtained permission to take them to the gallery, and showed them the quaint wooden effigies and other idols of the place. When they came to the Parrington monuments the middle-aged man began—

"I would like to tell you that—"

But he was interrupted by an "Oh, Adolphus!" and an "Oh, father!"

After they left the building inquiries were made about the Middle Temple Hall, and all its beauties were shown to the strangers. The mother with the haunted eyes seemed to see nothing except the owner of the hard voice; but the daughter was impressed by the placid, antique beauty of the building, and by the manly charms of the young advocate.

When they got out again the head of the family said, "Now you can take us to the Inner Temple Hall."

"I am afraid," answered Cecil, "that I cannot."

"Oh," was the answer, "I suppose it's off your beat!" The owner of the hard, high voice held out his hand.

The young man, slightly embarrassed, took it and shook it, then drew back his own with a start, flushing painfully, and a piece of money dropped to the pavement. The girl blushed deeply.

"I am afraid," stammered the young man, picking up the coin, "that I ought not to let you give this to the porter. It's against the regulations of our Inn." He could see a look of gratitude in the girl's face at his effort.

"Your Inn?"

"Yes, I am one of the owners, of course there are some thousands of us barristers, but we are all co-owners of one of the Inns of Court."

"Why," said the representative of the other greatest country in the world, "I took you for a guide."

"Oh, father," said the girl, blushing again.

"I quite understand your mistake," said the young man. "We have very queer ideas here. Now, I am shabbily dressed—that's just because I am one of the recognised men: the briefless barristers, those who don't get on, all dress very splendidly, in order to look prosperous, so we have to dress rather shabbily not to look briefless."

A pigeon happened at this moment to attract the attention of the American citizen, and the girl murmured hastily to the young man, "One of such delicacy of feeling and liveliness of wit ought to get on, but"—he dropped his eyes, shrugging his shoulders; then he

"Father is Mr. Gerontius Adolphus Monagheam, of Chicago, dry-goods merchant, and this is my dear mother, and I—oh! I am Miss Monagheam."

"Miss Monagheam!"

"Yes, and I'm all the daughters of my father's house, and all the brothers too."

"A remarkable thing," interrupted Mr. Monagheam, "to have all these pigeons about, seeing that I am told that people die every day of starvation in London."

"Yes," replied the young man, "but the people naturally choose the less painful death."

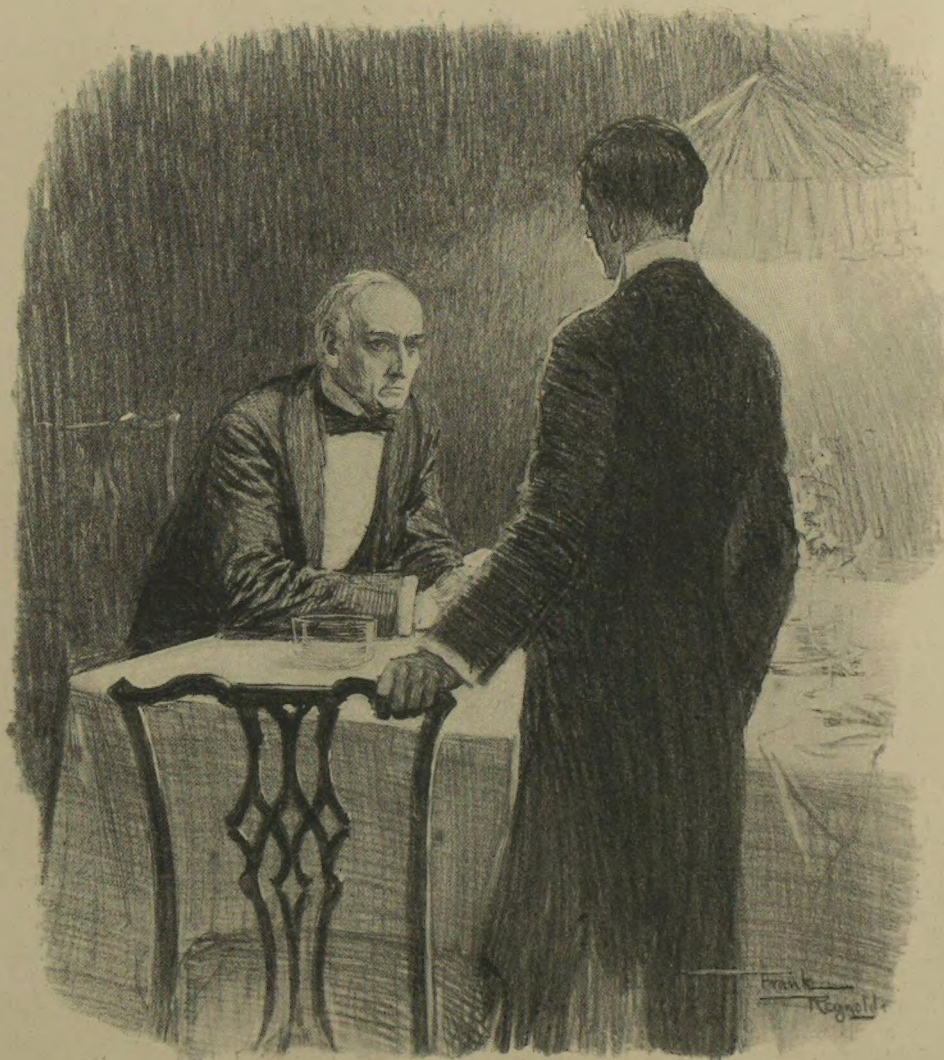
The young lady laughed; her father insisted upon an explanation, which involved the poor barrister in an elaborate and quite misunderstood statement about the pigeons being fed on old parchment and becoming appallingly tough and indigestible, and Miss Monagheam, Christian name unknown, was mischievously merry. At last the young man said, "Now, if you come in for tea, my friend George Lounds, K.C., terribly learned, will explain all about it to you."

Mr. Monagheam accepted the invitation, his daughter faintly protesting, and the mother with the haunted eyes seeming entirely unconcerned, so Mr. Chambers took them round to the Inner Temple Hall, then rushed back to his chambers, sent out his undivided fourth part of clerk and boy to buy cakes and things, and set to work to tidy up the place and knock the dust off old papers. The other men in the chambers borrowed plates and spoons, and brought their most modern briefs into Cecil's room with the beautiful view over the gardens, and were so clever that when the Americans arrived there was quite an "elegant" tea, and an appearance of prosperity in the room that Cecil shared with his friend Ransome. There is no need to describe the tea-party, or the tactless blunders of Mr. Monagheam, or the amusement and vexation of the young lady, and the agitated anxiety of Cecil as to whether in return he would receive some hospitality that might bring him once more in the presence of Miss Monagheam—Christian name now known; for when Ransome was trying to convince her father that barristers worked without any legal right to their fees, Cecil had managed to ask the young lady her name; and she, taking into account the fact that the mother with the haunted eyes was busy helping herself to a sixth cup, told him gravely that she was christened Eudocia, and her friends called her Mary.

CHAPTER II.

Next day came an invitation to Cecil to lunch at the Savoy with his American friends. He succeeded in being punctual, though he had great difficulty, since he had to attend a summons before the Judge sitting in chambers, who, being newly appointed, actually allowed counsel to argue their cases fully and in their own way, whereby much time was consumed—"wasted" was the phrase of some busy barristers. However,

Cecil was just "on time," as his host said, and sat down to a gorgeous lunch, of which he ate little—the girl had a greater appetite than he. Mr. Monagheam merely took a glass of iced water, some fish and bread, and the mother with the haunted eyes ate most of all. The young people were curiously economical of speech, and the host was voluble in comment on the defects of the British. From time to time Miss Eudocia tried to check her father, but he talked on as if he expected



"You have no right to speak like that!"

said gaily, aloud, "Now you owe me a sort of apology for your mistake, so I will escort you up to the Inner Temple Hall, an ugly place, in my opinion; then you must promise to come into my chambers and have a cup of tea, and just see what the chambers of an English barrister are like. My name is Cecil Chambers, I am first-floor at 19, Fig Tree Court, with a lovely view over the gardens, and you must come. . . ." A pause. The handsome girl spoke.

to find Cecil sympathetic with him in his contempt for the young man's country and people. After the meal was over, Mr. Monagheam announced that he had business to do, and graciously permitted Cecil to take the ladies to the Academy, where he soon succeeded in losing "Mamma"; and then he and "Mary" sat in a corner, forgetful of the crowd and the pictures, and talked in a low voice without really expressing their thoughts. Each was a delightful mystery to the other. That they were in love with one another perhaps is not quite true, but they were falling in love at a prodigious pace, and neither had any idea that the feelings of the other were of more than mere pleasure in agreeable acquaintance. Time raced along like a clock robbed of its pendulum, and the happy afternoon was over almost ere it seemed to have begun. The next two days were mere blank. Then came a heavenly day on the river with the Americans, a Sunday of inexpressible pleasure despite half-a-dozen awkward incidents, due to Mr. Monagheam's tactless arrogance. On Sunday night Cecil knew the truth about his feelings, and was glad of it. Love for the moment sufficed, and no plans for the future, no hopes and no fears, came into his mind. He simply lay still thinking of her, picturing her, and thrilling at the recollection of touches, rare touches, of her hand, and he fought vainly against sleep, since it threatened to rob him of his thoughts.

On Monday morning the clerk brought in a big bundle of papers marked "Re Parrington. Case, to advise, five guineas—Mr. Cecil Chambers. Messrs. Williams and Co., 30, Essex Street, Strand." The name Parrington made him start; he took off the tape hastily and began to read, at first with curiosity; but as he read shadows grew on his face, and an air of bewilderment came. After a little while he ceased to underline the dates and names with his blue pencil, which, indeed, fell from his hands, and he galloped feverishly through the brief sheets till he came to the questions.

Counsel is requested to advise—

1. Whether Mr. Monagheam, in the event of Sir Richard Parrington dying without executing a disentailing deed, would succeed to the Parrington estate.
2. Whether Mr. Monagheam should take any present steps to protect his claim.
3. What steps Mr. Monagheam should take on the death of Sir Richard Parrington.
4. Generally on the case.

He rose hastily, flung aside the papers, and walked up and down trying to think: it was some time before his ideas came clearly. Disaster threatened him. The story, told very lengthily at a shilling per seventy-two words, was simple. In 1793, the then Baronet, Sir Gosworth Parrington, had resettled the estates in tail male on his eldest son, with a remainder in tail male to his second son, Herbert. He had two sons, and Herbert, the younger, after a quarrel with his father, went to America, and was heard of no more by the family. Four male Parringtons had inherited title and estates, the first three as sole children of their respective parents. The third had two children, one the present Baronet and the other a daughter who had married a Mr. Chambers, and was mother of Cecil, both of whose parents were dead. Sir Richard, a childless old widower, had always refused to help his nephew with money, but on his marriage had made a settlement under which, on his death without issue, Cecil would come into the large unencumbered estates. Mr. Monagheam was alleged to be by strict male succession heir-at-law of Herbert Parrington.

According to the case, by a curious but not unprecedented accident, the entail created by Sir Gosworth had never been barred, and consequently the settlement by Sir Richard, the present Baronet, was bad, and unless he barred the entail the estates on his death would go back to the heir of Herbert, younger son of Sir Gosworth—that is to say, to Mr. Monagheam.

"Thank goodness," exclaimed Cecil, "the entail can easily be barred, so I shall come in all right after all." For the mere execution of a short deed, and the enrolling—that is, registration—of it six months before the Baronet's death, would be enough to bar the entail. He read the documents carefully. There were points of some difficulty, but after a couple of hours everything was clear except the explanation of the strange omission to bar the entail. It was certain—so a careful search showed—that it had never been barred.

"I must ask Uncle Dick how it happened," said the young man, and then started. "Ask Uncle Dick!" What right had he to speak to Uncle Dick? He had obtained the information as a professional secret! Five guineas, or, to be accurate, five pounds ten shillings, for his birthright! The idea was comic, ridiculous. Give up the estates—yes, and more, give up any hope of Eudocia, for five pounds ten shillings! There could be no doubt in the matter. Yet *noblesse oblige*, and he had been brought up with fine traditions. He thought and thought, ideas sometimes dancing through his mind without relation to the facts. The longer he thought the more difficult his position seemed to be. Clearly he was bound to keep the secret and give the best advice. Suddenly a new idea came—why not tell Mr. Monagheam the position? Why not tell Eudocia? They could hardly hold him to his honourable obligation; it would be impossible for them to do so. There was the rub; to tell them would put them into a cruel position, would almost force them to come to some kind of arrangement detrimental financially to them. He became bewildered. At last he did a wise thing—he consulted a friend, putting his own case as a mere hypothesis. The friend's advice was short, simple, and positive. "A man must do his duty to his client, must give the best advice and hold his tongue." Cecil returned to his chambers, spent the rest of the day looking up questions of law connected with the papers, took them home, wrote his opinion after dinner, and, to his surprise, slept soundly.

The next evening Cecil went to the Opera with his American friends to hear Ternina in "Tristan und Isolde," and it is to be feared that though a real musician, he paid little attention to her magnificent performance. Mr. Monagheam was present during only

a few minutes; without knowing it, he shared Gautier's view about music. Mrs. Monagheam slept, except during the entr'actes. What the two young people thought, felt, said during the great love drama is of no moment save on one point. Cecil happened to make some remark concerning the eyes of Eudocia's mother.

"The strange look in them came suddenly," said the girl. "I had a sister twelve years older than I. She fell in love with a young actor; father forbade a marriage, and she disobeyed him. He ordered us not to mention Janet's name or to see or write to her, or read her letters. One day two years after, when father was out, a woman brought a note on dirty paper with just three words, 'Come at once.' Mother went. When she came back there was that look in her eyes. She had found Janet dead in a dreadful garret, and the doctor said she died of starvation." The tale startled and saddened the young man, who fancied that in it there was something like a note of warning, though nothing in the manner of the girl suggested any idea of hinting that his attitude towards her was in any degree dangerous. However, what passed at first had no effect upon the relations between the young people.

CHAPTER III.

Six months went by, during most of which the Americans were busy tramping round Europe. On their return, Cecil noted something in the bearing of all three which alarmed him; although he had no plans, his heart had been rich in hope, and he came reluctantly to the idea that the father and mother were trying to discontinue, or at least diminish, their acquaintance with him. The girl seemed careful to avoid being in his society, unless one of her parents chanced to be present, and whilst she appeared to be quite friendly, it was obvious that for some reason her frank pleasure in him was abated. Yet Cecil felt that her manner was not natural, and even if he did not court her intentionally, he persisted in taking every opportunity of being by her side. The opportunities dwindled in number: invitations from the Monagheams ceased, and his to them were repeatedly declined; but this, of course, did not prevent him from calling. One day, to his surprise, he received from Mr. Monagheam an invitation to dinner, which he accepted gladly. Long ere the meal was over he began to regret that he had come, for the girl and her mother were ill at ease and silent, and the father, who monopolised most of the conversation, talked loudly about the decadence of the British and the superiority of the Americans.

When the dinner was over Mr. Monagheam said bluntly, "There's a little matter of business I want to talk over with you, Mr. Chambers."

The ladies rose and left the room. When she was going out Eudocia turned and looked at Cecil with an expression in her beautiful eyes that troubled him.

"Mr. Chambers," said the millionaire, "I am a man of few words"—the statement amused and startled Cecil—"but what I say goes. I like you, Mr. Chambers, and I think you have some brains; indeed, if you had been born in America, I think we could have done something with you."

The young man smiled and bowed gravely.

"As it is, I reckon your income isn't as much as five thousand dollars a year."

Cecil shrugged his shoulders.

"Young man, you're making a fool of yourself. You think I'm blind, but I'm a deep judge of character, and I rather fancy I haven't any eyelids." After this the host drank some more iced water and waited for Cecil to speak. Perhaps he was a little vexed when the simple reply came that his guest was very much interested by his remarks.

"I tell you I'm not a fool, even if I can't see through a brick wall, and what's more, you're making a fool of yourself."

The young man shifted uneasily in his chair, and perhaps flushed. He felt the truth of this speech, and said, "I didn't know that you smart people from over there danced round a bush so often before plucking a currant."

"My young friend," replied the American, and there was something kindly in his voice, "that's just it, you've been dancing round the bush and you will never pluck the currant: that's exactly what I wanted to tell you."

"You mean to say"—and the young man's throat was so dry that his voice was changed—"or to suggest—"

"I mean to say," interrupted the other, "that I have come to the conclusion that you've been courting my daughter. No, don't interrupt. I know what you're going to say; no doubt you're my daughter's social equal—oh, and better too, I daresay, according to European standard; but my daughter has got to do something big, and with the Parrington estates and my fortune there's no reason why she should not marry a Duke; anyhow, she shall never marry a pauper."

"A pauper!" said the young man, springing up furiously. "Because you've made a lot of money, God knows how, you have no right to speak like that to a gentleman who asks none of your money."

Mr. Monagheam leaned back in his chair and said scornfully, "I thought it was understood between us that you want my daughter?"

"It is at least understood between us that I love your daughter, though I have felt it my duty to say nothing to her."

"Say nothing to her! Mr. Chambers, if your tongue were half as eloquent as your eyes I would give you my daughter, for I guess you would some day be Prime Minister in this country with my money to back you; but I know you're not worth backing for such large stakes, though you're fairly intelligent. As for your love, I've heard fifty men, and some of higher position than you'll ever reach, tell me that they loved my daughter; and I've said to myself, 'My daughter is a handsome girl, but I doubt if they would think her teeth such matchless pearls if I couldn't replace them with diamonds five times the size; and I

doubt if they would think her hair the eighth wonder of the world if they didn't fancy she used fifty-dollar bills as curl-papers every night, and then threw them away every morning; and I doubt'—"

The young man interrupted fiercely, "You suggest that I am courting your daughter for your money. Perhaps I have courted her, though I didn't mean it. Such things may happen without our will, but to court her for your money would be a mean thing."

"I don't say it wouldn't."

"Then you accuse me of trying to do a mean thing for money, Mr. Monagheam?"

"Money is a queer thing, and turns a good deal of milk sour, Mr. Chambers."

The young man's indignation grew beyond bounds. "You say 'Mr. Chambers'; did the name never excite your curiosity?"

"Never," replied the American, with a sarcastic grin.

"Yet in your famous Parrington pedigree the name 'Chambers' occurs; the sister of the now dying Baronet married a Mr. Chambers, and her son's name was Cecil."

The other man rose suddenly. "There's many a square with the word 'son' or 'daughter' written across it in the document the lawyer prepared."

"That son's name was Cecil. He was a young barrister, a little shabby, and fighting hard to live decently, since he had little money, though apparently heir to a large property. One day he was paid five five guineas (oh! but he hasn't even had his fee yet) to advise about the Parrington estates. He had merely to write a letter to Uncle Dick—that's what I have always called him, enclosing a deed that he could have prepared in an hour; that deed could have been enrolled in a day or two, and by now what Uncle Dick would have called 'the damned Yankee' would have been out in the cold."

A long pause.

"I suppose," continued the young barrister, "the sort of man you take me to be would have sent that deed to Sir Richard Parrington; it would have been perfectly legal to do so."

"Do you mean," said Mr. Monagheam hoarsely, "that out of some sort of—I don't know what to call it—you've never written to Sir Richard?"—the young man nodded—"nor spoken to me nor my daughter about this?"

"That," interrupted Cecil, "would have been a kind of coercion, looking a little like blackmail."

A curious kind of hysterical laugh came from the lips of the American, and his face flushed. He walked to the door and flung it open.

"Come in here, you two," he shouted; "come in here, Mary—no you, Caroline, stay outside."

Mary came in, looking puzzled and alarmed.

"Did you ever see a real gilt-edged, eighteen-carat prize-medal fool?" She started. "You can see one over there. Just look at him—look at him—the man who sold the Parrington estates worth fifteen thousand a year for five guineas, and didn't get the money. Esau was a Solomon compared with him."

"I don't understand," said the girl.

"No good asking him to explain—such a fool couldn't."

Cecil interrupted: "Your father is endeavouring to inform you that I am Sir Richard Parrington's nephew, and that if I had told Sir Richard of the flaw in his title, which I learnt from the case entrusted to me on behalf of your father, I should have been certain to inherit the Parrington estates instead of being uncertain about getting my five-guinea fee for giving good advice and holding my tongue."

The girl impulsively walked towards the young man, her hands outstretched and her eyes blazing. Mr. Monagheam stepped in between.

"How dare you, father!" she said; "how dare you insult him for acting so nobly!"

"I think," interrupted Cecil, "that this is quite painful enough for your daughter and myself, and perhaps, Mr. Monagheam, you have had all the amusement out of the situation you are entitled to; so—"

Mr. Monagheam burst out laughing, it was a colossal, strident, nasal laughter. "Mary, my dear," he said, when the laughter subsided, "that young man oughtn't to be allowed out alone; he'll be putting his socks on his head and hat on his feet, and subscribing funds to supply blacking for niggers if he isn't looked after."

Something in the tone of the man's voice caused Cecil to pause in his movement towards the door.

"Mary," continued the man, "if somebody don't look after that young man he'll be sending that five guineas to pay off the National Debt. Do you think it safe, my dear, for that young man to go about alone?"

The sound of the voice was affecting Mary as well as Cecil. "Father, are you mad? What do you mean?"

"Mean," he interrupted, "I'm mean enough to steal acorns from a blind hog, or coppers from a dead nigger's eyes. I accused that young man of paying court to you because he wanted to finger my money. If I had a ha'porth of manhood in me I'd stab myself with the ice-pick for being such a cur."

The girl and the young man looked at one another with a fathomless gaze.

"Mary, it's a crime to let that young man go about alone, and if you don't take charge of him I'll have him put in a lunatic asylum; and here, just wait a minute. I think your mother would like to see this," and Mr. Monagheam ran out of the room, calling in a strident voice from the doorway, "Give her a good, square five-guinea-fee hug," and as he was speaking Mrs. Monagheam approached and said—

"Mr. Chambers, I've always been terribly afraid that unhappiness would come out of my daughter's marriage, and now I thank God that I see that I was wrong." And when Cecil looked into the haggard, prematurely aged face he saw that the haunted look had disappeared from the eyes, and that happy tears were running down the mother's cheeks.

THE END.



ERECTING A HOLY IMAGE IN MOSCOW TO COMMEMORATE THE PEASANT EMANCIPATION: THE SCENE IN THE SQUARE MOSCOW.



AN EVERYDAY INCIDENT OF RUSSIAN REVERENCE: A HOLY IKON (SACRED PICTURE) ON ITS WAY TO A DYING PERSON.

FROM THE NOVELISTS' WORKSHOP

John Chilcote, M.P. By Katherine Cecil Thurston. (London: Blackwood, 6s.)
Veranilda. By George Gissing. (Westminster: Constable, 6s.)
The Food of the Gods, and How It Came to Earth. By H. G. Wells. (London: Macmillan.)
The Extraordinary Confessions of Diana Please. By Bernard Capes. (London: Methuen, 6s.)
Hearts in Exile. By John Oxenham. (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
The Merry-Go-Round. By W. S. Maugham. (London: Heinemann, 6s.)

"Right! Well, then, as I say, these beggars change identities. They're as like as pins; and to all appearances one chap's the other chap, and the other chap's the first chap. See? . . . Well, they change for a lark, of course; but there's one fact they overlook. They're men, you know, and they forget these little things!" He laughed delightedly. "They overlook the fact that one of them has a wife!" There, baldly stated, roughly outlined by one of the characters, is the chief essential of the plot of Mrs. Thurston's new novel. True, when the penniless and ambitious John Loder and the morphia-maniac, John Chilcote, M.P., determine to exchange personalities for the profit of the one and the convenience of the other neither forgets that there is a Mrs. Chilcote; but they do forget the complications likely to arise from the substitution of a strong and clever man for a drug-sodden and vicious wreck, the likelihood that a wife whose whole aim it is to make her husband a power in the land may loathe him when himself, but love him in his impersonator. It is just this entanglement that occurs: thus the novel is lifted out of the commonplace, and the fact that "doubles" have figured in fiction from the time fiction was first written is ignored in the face of a subtle art that defies inquiry into probabilities. Mrs. Thurston may be said to have triumphed over her material. "John Chilcote, M.P.," cannot compare with "The Circle" for freshness of idea; there is no scene in it as admirable as that in which Anna Solny listens while her lover, not knowing who she is, tells his detestation of her acts; the end of it is a little forced; but in manner it is as masterly as its predecessor, and its general interest is as great.

In his prefatory note Mr. Frederic Harrison judges "Veranilda" to be "far the most important book which George Gissing ever produced; that one of his writings which will have the most continuing life." Mr. H. G. Wells, who cares even less than Mr. Harrison for Gissing's novels of contemporary manners, takes the same view. But for some readers we fear "Veranilda" will have no continuing life, because it does not begin to live. Some of George Gissing's books are surely alive. "New Grub Street" is depressing; "A Year of Jubilee" is almost squalid; but the people in those sombre books appeal to our emotions. "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" are concerned with flesh and blood and spirit. We believe in Henry Ryecroft. But is it possible to be stirred in the slightest degree by any of the men and women in "Veranilda"? Was the author stirred? We cannot find a single passage which suggests that his heart was really in the matter. The narrative drags its slow length along until we are weary of the interminable explanations which the characters are constantly interchanging explanations of incidents we have already forgotten. In a romance of Rome in the sixth century you do expect a good deal to happen. In "Veranilda" very little happens. The heroine is carried off early in the story by an intriguing ecclesiastic, whose motive is never quite clear. At any rate, the lady is so little interesting that we can do with out her for many pages, and are not much excited when she is found. Her lover, Basil, is a poor creature with a violent temper. His friend Marcian, the traitor, is a poor creature with qualms of conscience. Their conversations are singularly dull. The intriguing ecclesiastic Leander is very like the intriguing ecclesiastic Pelagius. Totila, the Gothic king, who is frequently mentioned, but not visible till near the end, is a mere shadow. Bessas, the tyrant at Rome, is a mere shadow. The women are so much alike that it is difficult to distinguish Aurelia from Petronilla or Heliodora. Of Rome in the sixth century the book gives no picture, only a blurred impression. We should say that, having studied the period, Gissing was completely overpowered by his materials. They seem to have numbed his mind until they became an indistinct phantasmagoria, in which somebody was always about to do something, and never did it. Justinian, Totila, Belisarius, the Pope, are all mixed up in tedious confusion. The theology of the time is as vague as the politics.

When Mr. Wells began his remarkable series of prophetic romances, he despaired of the human race. We still shiver when we think of our descendants in "The Time Machine," reduced after many thousands of years to a horrible imbecility. The prospect was not much better in "When the Sleeper Wakens," which showed us London in bondage to an unscrupulous oligarchy, in the midst of a mechanical civilisation without a soul. In "The War of the Worlds" Mr. Wells corrected our pride by bringing to our planet invaders from Mars who threatened to destroy the human race altogether. If they had only been able to breathe our air, and assimilate our microbes, it would have been all up with us! But Mr. Wells is more hopeful for our future than he used to be. From a pessimist of the deepest gloom, relieved by satirical humour, he is transformed to an enthusiastic visionary. He sees the race casting off the impediments of its earthly vesture, and scaling the stars. If there are any Martians living by that time, they may rue that little adventure of their ancestors, who nearly conquered the earth. But Mr. Wells has abandoned all idea of conquest except in the spiritual sense. His "Food of the Gods" is symbolic of a great development of human nature. It offers a curious contrast to Stevenson's allegory of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

By taking a mysterious powder Jekyll could turn himself into Hyde for the gratification of the basest instincts. The mysterious Food, invented and applied by two delightful savants, causes a tremendous growth in the world, animal and vegetable. The thoughts of men are widened; but they do not wait for the process of the suns. Babies take the Food, and grow out of all knowledge. Three brothers, when the youngest is only twenty, are at least forty feet high, and animated by sublime aspirations far beyond their years or the confines of average intelligence. With amazing skill Mr. Wells makes this marvel quite plausible, and describes its social and political consequences. For a time the country is rather proud of its young giants; but their ideas are too large for the conservatism of the pigmies, for rights of way, and other ancient usages. This conflict is illustrated with infinite humour and satirical fancy. Mr. Wells has a lofty scorn, a forty-foot scorn, for many of our abiding prejudices. Whether we agree with him or no, his book is vastly entertaining and suggestive, and proves once more his immeasurable superiority to the fabulists whose fables are monstrous and unmeaning.

In "Diana Please" Mr. Bernard Capes has added to the notable women of fiction a singularly arresting personality, one of those women whose lives seem most fittingly detailed in memoirs, at once a human and an inhuman adventuress. To say that her confessions are occasionally coarse is but to say that they are a true revelation: the coarseness is compatible with the character; without coarseness she could not be Diana Please, daughter of an erring sister of the Communauté de Madelonnettes and a "Lovelace." Her career is the career of a supreme, sensuous egotist, who never fails in self-justification; her journal never shields her, throwing but a transparent veil over her manifold faults of omission and commission. From the day she trips between fruit and decanters to carry her father's love to the dissolute Duke of Cumberland, through her numerous, precocious, and discreditable amours, she is ever heartless, ever scheming, ever working for Diana Please, and the glorification of Diana Please alone. And with it all she is fascinating, dominating her pitiable prey of passion, as she dominated the hearts of too many. So natural is she, so convincing is her journal, that it is difficult to believe her altogether a creation of the novelist's art. By comparison, the subsidiary characters, admirably sketched as they are, are of importance only so far as their lives are interwoven with hers. The sweep by whom she is abducted and to whom she is forced to act as climbing-boy; the priest Pope; the Lady Sophia Rowe, and her inconstant lover, the painter de Crespigny; the dissolute Earl of Herring; George Rowe; Pissani, the reformer; the foolish Ferdinand of Naples and his Queen; Nelson and Lady Hamilton; even weak, loving Patty Grant, and her devoted slave, the gentle Caliban, Gogo, are but shadows to her substance.

Not the least interesting of Russian revolutionary stories is Mr. John Oxenham's "Hearts in Exile," and it loses nothing by a certain moderation in its descriptions of Siberian horrors. Yet, as depicted here, the experiences of Paul Pavlov and Serge Palma are terrible enough. Though opposing the doctrine of force, they are sent without trial into exile, and, as it happens, meet early on the road. Both of them had been in love with the heroine, Hope, whose parents had been victims of bureaucratic tyranny; and although, for the good of the cause, she had become the wife of Palma, her affections, before marriage at least, had been given rather to Pavlov. And when Pavlov discovers that while he is destined for a short period only in the provinces, Palma's fate is ten years at the dreaded Kara mines, he proposes that they should exchange, so that Palma may more easily escape and make his way back to wife and child. Paul, therefore, goes to Kara with this magnanimous intention, but it is defeated; for Hope's child having died, she follows her husband into exile, only to find that it is not he but Pavlov who awaits her. To discover her mistakes to the authorities means disaster to all three persons involved, yet the alternative facing her in that wild and free-living community is to pass as Paul's wife. Here, evidently, is a situation calling for great skill on the part of the novelist, and it is high praise to Mr. Oxenham to say that he handles it in a manner to keep our respect throughout. In these days it is refreshing to come upon a novel depending to a considerable extent on sensational incident and yet so quietly and well written.

Mr. Maugham is a dramatist, and a play of his called "A Man of Honour" made a considerable stir. It was the story of the unhappy marriage of a well-meaning but weak-willed young man to a barmaid. As a point of honour he believed that he owed her this reparation. They were totally unsuited to each other, and led a wretched life, which ended with her suicide. The play was stirring; but the novel to which Mr. Maugham has now transferred the theme is somehow lacking in art. The story of Basil Kent and Jennie Bush does not read as well as it acted. There are two or three more wedded pairs in the book; and it suffers from inevitable comparisons with Mr. Anthony Hope's treatment of marriage and temperament in "Double Harness." Beside that most artistic composition, Mr. Maugham's work, despite its considerable power, seems weak in the handling and full of ragged edges. The flaunting vice of Lady Vizard may be truthful, but it is not interesting. Such a cad as Reggie Bassett is more tedious than detestable. Mrs. Costillyow is as wearisome in her repentance as she was in her scandalous misconduct. All these people are more or less real; but Mr. Maugham has not the touch of magic which makes them vital. The boy poet, and the Dean's middle-aged daughter who marries him simply to be his nurse, should be pathetic; but they just miss it. The one really successful figure is Miss Ley, the elderly woman of the world, with a cynical tongue, and a kind heart. Were all the rest on this level "The Merry-Go-Round" would have high artistic merit.

CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE EMPIRE.

It is not surprising that certain later manifestations of Mr. Kipling's genius find scant favour in the eyes of the purely academic critic. For that assayer of literary gold has seldom the divine passion for machinery which is as a sixth sense to the happy man who possesses it. This joy in the moving accident Kipling has already manifested; but those who wearied of his talking engines in "The Day's Work" can bear with him when he translates mechanism through the proper channel of its driver and controller. To recall "MacAndrew's Hymn"—

... What I have seen since steam and I began,
Leaves me no doubt for the machine; but what about the man?

Well, in former works, such as that alluded to, there was certainly no doubt about the machine at all, but the man was lacking. In the new volume, "Traffics and Discoveries," he has recovered his proper place: the machine is duly subordinated, but it is there, and, better still, its spell is there—that subtle communion between engineer and mechanism which makes one man drive so sweetly that there is scarcely a jar, while another with the same apparatus will jolt you into agonies. Our soul cleaves to that of Mr. Hinchcliffe, torpedo-boat engineer-artificer, who would coax any piece of machinery to outdo its powers, however meagre; and his sheer enthusiasm for "steam gadgets," and his holiday performances with the author's steam-car, lift out of insignificance the somewhat juvenile story, "Steam Tactics," which sets forth the awful example made by cunning motorists of a too officious constable. It is not surprising, however, that stories of this *genre* should at times outstrip the bounds of boisterous high spirits, for to be savingly "daft on engines" a man must preserve virginal the enthusiasms of school-days, when machinery takes lasting hold of the human boy. Its fascination is visible often in the nursery, but the true joy is never felt until the golden age of fourteen or thereby, when the hands first acquire skill to fashion brass and iron. Oh, the moment of rapture when his creation *moves*! He who is stranger to that delight need never hope to understand the working parts of "Traffics and Discoveries" (Macmillan).

It may be admitted that occasionally Mr. Kipling runs off the rails from sheer exuberance, and when he attempts Utopian speculation on the most complicated of all mechanism, that of mankind organised for war, he comes perilously near dullness. His tract on military reform for "The Army of a Dream" is nothing else, is the most disappointing thing in the book, and it is well that we may rest assured that England will never sink to such a mad welter of militarism as the novelist depicts with gusto, approval, and, we imagine, with doctrinaire intentions. A dream it is, and a bad one.

But the book contains much to delight us. In the author's best manner comes the story, "A Sahib's War." There he touches his own India, albeit in a South African setting. This, indeed, is a story beautiful and pathetic, even polished in workmanship, a matter wherein Mr. Kipling is not over-particular. The gem thereby is of necessity great, and here the academic critic finds his best justification. Roughness and readiness, however, should not condemn "Their Lawful Occasions," a tale of a torpedo-boat that by deft disguise and matchless handling torpedoed two cruisers during manœuvres. It is a capital yarn, if a little tall, and is redeemed for its length by that saving salt, Emmanuel Pyecroft, who makes an even finer appearance in "The Bonds of Discipline." This last is a most rollicking narrative, which must be accepted as such and read in the vein wherein it is written. A French nobleman and naval officer, determining to spy upon British methods, stowed away on board the *Archimandrite*. There he saw much that was instructive, and committed the same to paper in lyric prose. The book fell into the narrator's hand, and he, repairing to Plymouth, hunted up Emmanuel Pyecroft afore-said, of the *Archimandrite*, and one Glass, a Marine of the same ship, and heard their version of the affair. The wit and wisdom of Pyecroft's true tale and the inebriate humour of Glass flow in parallel streams with the Frenchman's exquisite expository page, and the fun of the contrast is wholly admirable and enjoyable. For the British captain, finding out the Frenchman's real errand, took his crew into his confidence and let the spy see such a day's life on board the *Archimandrite* as surely British war-bottom never knew. But though this is obviously a tale for the Marines, who shall deny it is *ben trovato*? Finally, at the day's end, the Marine Glass (he took after his name) was solemnly executed at the capstan for attempting the life of a lieutenant. The spy had scarcely recovered from his horror (for the masquerade was carried out convincingly even to the sham burial) when he was politely put on board a passing coaler with the good wishes of the *Archimandrite's* crew, whom he had provided with a day of unheard-of sport. They paid for it, however, for it took them all night to tidy up the ship.

Into the mysticism of "Wireless" it is impossible to follow Mr. Kipling; and the general similarity between this fantasy and an early and masterly effort, "The Finest Story in the World," robs it of originality and plausibility. It is otherwise with "They," an exquisite dream-creation, woven about—a motor-car. The intangible substance of this idyll will not bear the reviewer's dissection or his concise summary. That would only rend the gossamer and give the enemy occasion to blaspheme. It recalls the tenderness of the verses in "Just-So Stories"—

But far, oh very far behind,
So far she cannot call to him,
Comes Tegumai, alone, to find
The daughter that was all to him.

And if it be not sacrilege or unseemly inquisitiveness, it may very well be surmised by the student of comparative Kiplingology that verses and story can claim kindred in one gentle memory.

UNIFORM "IMPROVEMENT" A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: A QUESTION OF "CUT" AT PALL MALL.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



DOCKING THE COAT-TAILS: A WEIGHTY QUESTION OF COSTUME BEFORE A WAR OFFICE COMMITTEE.

Mr. Brodrick has recently denied that he was responsible for, or even saw, the much-despised "Brodrick cap." Things must have been different a hundred years ago, for then we are given to understand solemn committees sat upon questions of cut, fit, and buttons, and occasionally the tailor was called in to give demonstrations on the living model. Our Artist has represented the transition from the long tail-coat to the short-tailed tunic.

THE REOPENING OF THE FISCAL CAMPAIGN, OCTOBER 5: MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT LUTON.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT LUTON.



"SUCH A CHANGE AND REFORM OF THE TARIFF AS MR. BALFOUR AND MYSELF PROPOSE."

The Luton meeting was held in a temporary hall built for this one occasion, and cost £3000. The portraits in the row immediately behind Mr. Chamberlain, reading from left to right, are: Mr. Wilkinson, Lord Alwyne Compton, Mr. Guy Pym, M.P., the Duchess of Bedford, the Duke of Bedford (Chairman), Mrs. Chamberlain, and Dr. Hillier.

THE MOST PERSONAL ELECTION OF RECENT TIMES: THE THANET CONTEST.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE ISLE OF THANET: PHOTOGRAPH BY CARPENTER.



THE RIVAL CANDIDATES AND THE CONSTITUENCY.

Few elections of recent years have been marked with so personal a note as the contest in the Isle of Thanet, which concluded on October 7 with the election of Mr. Harry Marks, in the Unionist interest, by a majority of 382. Mr. Marks polled 4048 votes, against Mr. Joseph King, the Radical candidate's, 3666.

THE BRITISH WITHDRAWAL FROM TIBET: CURIOSITIES OF THE CAMPAIGN.

DRAWING BY RUSSELL FLINT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH; PHOTOGRAPHS BY OFFICERS OF THE EXPEDITION.



PRISONERS ON THEIR WAY TO RECEIVE THEIR FIVE RUPEES FROM THE PROVOST-MARSHAL.



THE RELEASE OF PRISONERS: THE PROVOST-MARSHAL PRESENTING FIVE RUPEES TO EACH LIBERATED PRISONER.



A VOIVE CAIRN BUILT BY PASSING PILGRIMS AND A-CHORTEN JOINED BY A LINE OF PRAYER-FLAGS.

IN THE TRACK OF A BEATEN ARMY: RELICS OF FLIGHT.

ENLARGEMENT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY "COLLIER'S WEEKLY."



OVERTURNED AND ABANDONED: A DERELICT RUSSIAN GUN.

In the background the dead horses formerly belonging to the gun are visible. The bushes are particularly noteworthy, as they are some of the movable brushwood screens used by the Russian sharpshooters.

THE FAN IN THE FIELD: THE USE OF JAPAN'S PEACEFUL EMBLEM IN WARFARE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A CORRESPONDENT.



JAPANESE SOLDIERS FANNING THEMSELVES DURING A LULL.

One of the most curious facts of the present war is the constant use of the fan by the Japanese troops in Manchuria during the hot weather. This peaceful emblem, so intimately connected with the art and life of the courageous warriors of the Eastern Empire, seems to bring a curious continuity of home associations into the field of Mars, yet the men who are so deft and even graceful in the manipulation of this accessory of fashion can at a moment's notice cast it aside to do deadly execution with the rifle.



THE EARLY DAYS OF LIAO-YANG: KUROPATKIN'S ARTILLERY PASSING THE TAI-TSE-HO.

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT.

THE WILES OF THE RUSSIAN GUNNER: A BOGUS BATTERY.

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SHELLED IN VAIN: JAPANESE DISCOVERING A SHAM RUSSIAN BATTERY.

This stratagem is by no means a new one, and was practised with success by our own artillery during the Boer War. One or two of these guns are mere logs; another, more elaborate, is fitted with two wheels taken from a Chinese cart.

THE SEASON OF ITALIAN OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN: LEADERS OF THE SAN CARLO COMPANY FROM NAPLES.



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11. SIGNORINA MARGHERITA RUFFAL.

2. SIGNOR GIUSEPPE ANSELM.

8. SIGNOR CARUSO.

12. SIGNOR SAMMARCO.

3. MR. HENRY RUSSELL.

(IMPRESARIO).

13. SIGNORINA FERRARIS.

4. SIGNOR CAMBANINI.

(CONDUCTOR).

14. SIGNOR PASQUALE AMATO.

5. SIGNOR VIGNES.

7. SIGNORINA EVA T. LAZZARI.

15. SIGNOR ARIMONDI.

6. Mlle. ALINE MAY.

10. SIGNORA GIACHEITI.

11. SIGNORA BUONINSEGNA.

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DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



GENERAL LAMBERT
(Mr. Norman McKinnel).

LADY LETTICE PIERREPOINT
(Miss Evelyn Millard).

CHARLES II.
(Mr. H. V. Esmond).

GEOFFREY MOHUN
(Mr. Lewis Waller).

THE LAST SCENE FROM "HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT," AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE: IN THE GROUNDS OF HOLLAND HOUSE.

(SEE "THE PLAYHOUSES.")

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LADIES' PAGES.

It is quite amusing to notice how invariably in the dull season the newspapers fall back upon marriage as the question upon which all and sundry will like to express their opinions. Even the stately "leading journal" has this autumn come into the usual commonplace area of discussion with "Marriage as a Handicap." Mr. George Meredith has given the most striking contribution to the widely raging discussion, according to an "interviewer," in the form of a suggestion that marriage might be not a lifelong contract, but one renewable on a sort of lease every ten years. To this notion there seems no possible reply—even though it be tacked on to the name of that distinguished novelist who is more consistently fair and wise about women than any of his brethren—than that it is too absurd to contemplate! The mere lapse of time has not the least connection with conjugal unhappiness. Lord Byron's bride alighted from the carriage which had borne her away from her father's house on her wedding-day, with a face expressing such utter misery, by reason of the cruelty that had been immediately shown her by the profligate fortune-hunter who had married her, that the old gardener who opened the carriage door never forgot the sight. On the other hand, we can read in one of Queen Victoria's private letters that on the twentieth anniversary of her marriage her husband was dearer to her than ever. Time, in fact, has nothing to do with it. The possibility of the extreme of daily penance or happiness alike is contained in the unspoken terms of the marriage contract; and often the one or the other is experienced immediately on the new life's threshold.

Matronhood is not a mere status or personal relation to a woman; it is her work, her business, so that to her the tie must always be hard to break. As long as social life is based on the individual household, there is not only scope, but necessity, for a head to each home. If a woman undertake the duties of a wife and mother and do not discharge them adequately, that is a shame and disgrace to her and a misfortune for her family; but it does not alter the fact that there is ample scope for the use of all the mental strength and physical energies of the person who stands in the relation that a wife and mother does towards husband and children; that, in fact, the matron has her profession in her family. To cater, perhaps to cook; to consider, design, order, and very often to stitch the clothing of the family; to make the household wheels roll so smoothly over all the countless obstructions that they are bound to encounter that shallow observers, who fail to see the grease and never hear a creak, think that the machine goes of itself; to conduct the social relations of the family; to be the refuge in every trial and the guide in every respect of her children—this



A GRACEFUL GOWN FOR VISITING.

In light brown cloth, with revers and belt of velvet of the same shade. The gaugings are finished with a roll of velvet to match.

is the work of the matron; and she who fills this niche in life has assuredly not only earned her daily bread, but is entitled to be certain that her place is secured to her, and that she shall not be causelessly, by the caprice of the shifting fancies of the human passions, thrust out of her life's established duties, her settled, just, and lawful home-work.

Merely to "keep a good table," unless it be very wastefully done, needs constant thought and good judgment. At this season the difficulty of the household caterer is greater than in spring, when all manner of good things come into season with the sunshine. Falling leaves and dismal skies, and scanty vegetables and monotony in fruit, all arrive to try us at the same season. But there is one respect in which the larder is enriched by the coming of autumn; of course, I mean in the game which is such an admirable addition to one's resources. Roasted plainly and simply, it takes a long time to wear out the attractions of game to the epicure; but when it is plentiful—as it is where the men of the house do the shooting in the good old-fashioned manner, walking after the birds and going out frequently, coming home content with a small bag gained by healthful exercise and patience—there comes a day when a little change in the cooking is desirable. Mushrooms, which have the good sense to come into full season at the same time as game, are the ideal flavouring to use in making the foundation flavour of various mixtures or sauces that give variety to game cookery. Partridge, grouse, and blackcock alike go excellently with a simple sauce made like ordinary melted butter, but with stock that is flavoured strongly with chopped ham and mushrooms, thickened well, brought up with a squeeze of a lemon and a dash of red pepper. This sauce can be served in a tureen with freshly roasted birds, and makes quite a change from handing round the usual brown gravy alone. This simple preparation, not thickened so much, can be employed also for warming up the *beaux restes* of cold birds; and for that purpose a stock will be made in the first instance by boiling down the bones after the best of the meat has been filleted off them. When the quantity of game is small in proportion to the party, many other ingredients can be added to make the sauce itself substantial, especially chopped ham and small slices of ox-tongue; these, heated in the sauce, have to be piled as high as possible in the centre of the dish, and the fillets of game laid round. In an ordinary salmi of game, by the way, tiny thin-cut strips of beef steak can be mixed with the scraps of game, and will pass practically unnoticed to make up a good-sized dish. The same statement applies to game pie: if shreds of

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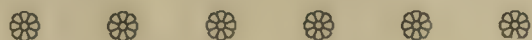
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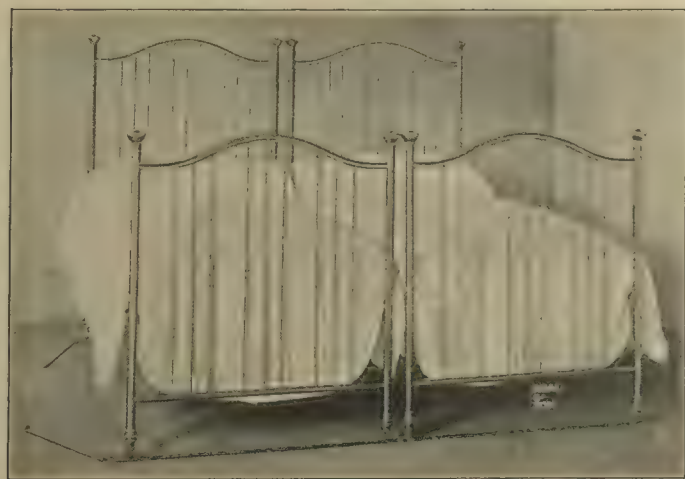
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steak are used, they take on the flavour of the game and are unnoticed. Force-meat balls made of chicken or rabbit, with plenty of bread, form another good addition when the salmi is wanted to be a substantial part of the luncheon and the game is not too plentiful. For partridges, the well-known stew with cabbage of the leading French restaurants is equally economical in serving, and quite simple for the cook to undertake; as it is only the bird cut up, sauté a little while in butter, then stewed in a very small quantity of stock, and dished on a bed of the white heart of boiled cabbage chopped fine and reheated.

It seems to me somewhat absurd to have had the obsolete Witchcraft Acts furbished up against palmists. Nobody believes that palmists have made a personal compact with unholy spirits to reveal to them the future. Only a few persons seriously suppose that their whole future fate is already fixed and defined. But the vast majority of persons are delighted to be talked to about themselves, and many listen with a sneaking, half-admitted notion in their minds that some unseen powers may perchance see fit to speak wisdom and warning and advice through the soothsayer. Such a hope is as old as man's first reflection on the mystery of his lot, and his own powerlessness to perceive the path that he should travel. At any rate, however it be explained, it is unquestionable that a palmist is the most popular sort of entertainer at a Society party. A lady well known for her smart and successful entertainments tells me that during last season she had one of the most popular violinists to play at her "At-Home"; but finding the room getting overcrowded, she went around amidst her guests, whispering: "There is a palmist in the morning-room, and a man who tells fortunes by cards in the corner of the hall behind the screen." In a very short time such a number of the guests had forsaken the musician and were forming a queue to consult the occultists that the pressure was quite relieved!

Purple is, as I mentioned several weeks ago it was going to be, the colour of the season. The variety of shades is remarkable. A favourite one in millinery is the deep "aubergine"; but for frocks, the brighter shades, such as royal purple, "eminence," called after the colour worn by Cardinals, mauve, and a red-violet with a magenta tone are more employed. The variation in shades of colour is larger than one realises till one has inspected a manufacturer's pattern-card. Some purple is almost blue, some all but pink. A rich, rather deep shade is most becoming to fair complexions. It combines well with a very light blue, and



A BEAUTIFUL WRAP.

This handsome design for a theatre-cloak is expressed in cream-coloured cloth, trimmed with sable, and with thick lace embroidered with gold, and laid over brown velvet.

the admixture of a rich violet with pale sky-blue is becoming beyond everything to a clear, fair complexion. Naturally, the touch of pale blue must be discreetly added. A good example is a purple face-cloth gown cut in the newest of fashions, like a bolero, but having this, instead of hanging loose from the figure, joined at the edges to a line of pale-blue mirror-velvet some four inches deep, which passes under a deep and closely fitted and well-boned belt of the cloth embroidered with "curly cues" in gold soutache; over this the bolero blouses slightly, the blue velvet then passes as a mere line up the front of the bodice, divided by an inner vest of white cambric; the neck is well cut away, and round inside the opening the velvet becomes more widely visible, a folded collar and full jabot of lace-edged cambric filling in the space.

Brown is the other fashionable favourite in colour. One comfort about brown is that you can hardly go wrong in choosing another tint to mix with it; green is excellent, pink is not too glaring, blue is an amiable combination, mandarin orange or canary-yellow brightens brown to perfection. The touch of mandarin orange that is so popular on everything now brings a brown dress well into harmony with a brunette complexion, and this is quite the best tone to mix with a cinnamon or chocolate shade of brown. Purple with brown is by no means out of court, for the two fashionable colours are admirable combined. Bronze-green is practically brown, of course, and this mixes well with a deep mauve—the real shade of heliotrope, in fact, though so many shades have been improperly called by that name that it is difficult to bear in mind what the flowers really look like—but the darker shade of the true floral tint is quite the one to combine with bronze tweed for a tailor-gown, or with canvas or face-cloth for a smarter visiting-gown.

We must be an exceedingly cleanly race. Truly, the Englishman's tub, which is a proverb with other nations, must be but an allegory of our habits; for of the offer to us of new soaps and tooth-washes there seems no end. Here is a fresh claimant for favour, which the Swedish nation sends us over, after its merits have gained full recognition on the Continent. It bears the quaint name of "Fuo," and is an antiseptic of much power against the bacteria that congregate on the teeth, while harmless to the skin of the mouth. In addition to its use as a daily tooth-wash, therefore, "Fuo" is valuable to have at hand to gargle a sore throat or to inhale to check a cold in its beginning. A clever little stopper that allows only one drop to pass at a time is supplied with each bottle, in order that the very small quantity of "Fuo" required, only three drops to half a tumbler of water for a tooth-wash, may be obtained. As the quantity needed is so small, "Fuo" is a remarkably cheap preparation.

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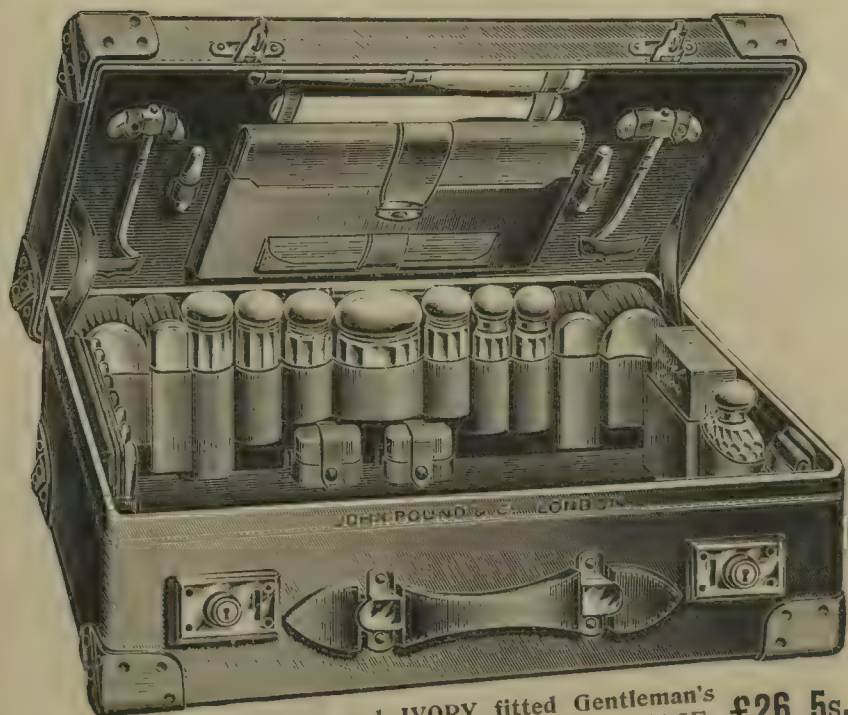
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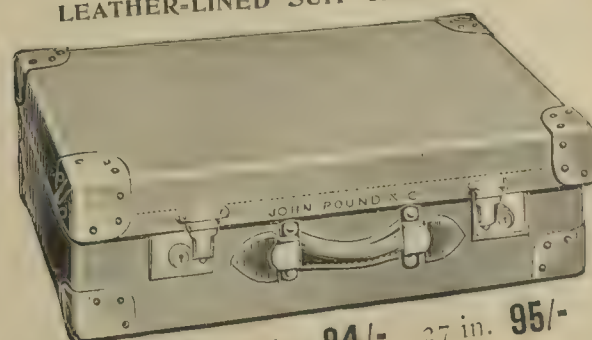


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81-84, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The simplicity of life and manner which distinguishes the Bishop of Liverpool is greatly appreciated by the citizens. On Congress Sunday, after he had preached at the pro-Cathedral, there was no carriage or other conveyance at the door to take him home. He left the church, carrying his own bag, in company with his chaplain, who carried the pastoral staff, and proceeded on foot to his residence in Abercromby Square. I remember seeing the Bishop, bag in hand, going to deliver a sermon at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. He cares nothing for state or show.

The address of Bishop Chavasse at the Church Congress was very much admired, and throughout the proceedings he showed himself an ideal President. Over four thousand tickets were sold before the Congress opened, and, as the Bishop of Liverpool said, a church which can keep alive such an annual gathering must have some vigorous life of its own.

The vitality of the Congress is partly explained by the readiness to invite young literary men who have the ear of the public and whose sympathies are on the side of Christianity. In this respect a good example is set to some other religious gatherings, in which veteran leaders hold the platform from year to year.

The *Record* strongly condemns the scene which took place at the working-men's meeting of the Congress. The Bishop of Stepney was so persistently interrupted that the President was obliged to give out a hymn for the purpose of restoring order. "Liverpool," says the *Record*, "is a city in which party feeling runs high, but the cause of religion must needs suffer

sorely from such scenes as those of Wednesday night" (Oct. 5). The demonstration was all the more regrettable as the Bishop of Stepney is just recovering from illness. I am glad to learn that, although he will have to be careful this winter in putting a limit on his engagements, he fully hopes

in place of 7.15. From Paris the train will leave St. Lazare at 9.30 p.m. instead of at 9 p.m., with arrival in London at 7.30 a.m. instead of 7.50. A Pullman car will be run in the trains between Victoria and Newhaven, and sofa compartments and corridor carriages between Dieppe and Paris.



Photo. Speck.

THE ALLEGED THEFT OF GERMAN WAR-SHIP PLANS: A VESSEL OF THE "BRUNSWICK" CLASS, OF WHICH THE PLANS WERE SAID TO HAVE BEEN STOLEN FROM KIEL.

It was recently reported that an official employed in Krupp's ship-building yard at Kiel had been arrested for revealing particulars of the construction of torpedo-boats and submarines to a rival firm of German builders. The official in question is also alleged to have sold the entire plans and drawings of the man-of-war "Brunswick," recently built in Krupp's yard. The "Volksblatt" states that the plans were sold to a foreign Government, and that a British naval officer, probably during the Kiel Week, tampered with the official.

to carry out his ordinary duties at St. Paul's and elsewhere.

The Bishop of Winchester, who is now restored to his normal health, visited New College, Oxford, this week, and joined in the celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of William of Wykeham's death.

The Bishop-designate of Southwell, Dr. Hoskyns, has addressed from Cape Town a letter to his friends and parishioners at Burnley. "No one," he writes, "is more aware than I am how little has been done by me in Burnley since my arrival there. The claim of the diocese has been very heavy, and you have all been most considerate and patient, but now all my hopes are dashed, and I am sent to another task. I longed to refuse, but letters from the Archbishop of Canterbury and others called me to do my duty, and so I have now consented to go." Dr. Hoskyns is expected home about Nov. 17.—V.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company announce that, until further orders, their night services to and from Paris via Newhaven and Dieppe will be accelerated by half-an-hour on the outward and by fifty minutes on the homeward journey. The boat trains will leave Victoria and London Bridge at 9.10 p.m. instead of 8.50 as now, with arrival in Paris at 7.5 a.m.

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ART NOTES.

Sir Percival and Lady Radcliffe have been sitting to Mr. Chevalier Tayler for their portraits. The commission came to the painter from members of the Radcliffe family, and the portraits are to be presented to the venerable sitters on the occasion of the golden jubilee of their wedding. Lady Radcliffe was Miss Doughty when, more than fifty years ago, she saw something of her cousin, the Sir Roger Tichborne whose disappearance later made a record in the Law Courts; and everybody who read the reports of that prolonged series of trials will remember the purposes to which the Claimant turned the old association between Sir Roger and the lady. The growingly large proportion of youthful sitters has been noted in the studios of late; and it will be a matter of congratulation from many points of view if the fashion is established that the portrait-painter is to assist at golden jubilee celebrations of marriages.

At the Fine Art Society's Rooms in New Bond Street, Mr. Henry B. Wimbush exhibits water-colours of the Channel Islands. These are simply views in very bright sunshine and colour, done with a great deal of skill, in the English water-colour manner, but, frankly, not very interesting apart from their subject. As portraits of pretty places (and the Channel Islands are pretty beyond anything within easy reach and within English speech), the drawings will prove delightful to the tourist, who recognises the rocks, the bays, the beaches. Justice is done to their miniature precipices and their pools of almost Mediterranean blue.

The more sketchy drawings and paintings exhibited at the Modern Gallery by Mr. Macandrew are those which show



PROOF THAT RUSSIA MINED NEWCHWANG: FLOATING MINES DISCOVERED IN THE HARBOUR.

PHOTOGRAPH ENLARGEMENT.

most character and enterprise. As a rule, it is in landscape that Mr. Macandrew is at his best; and the best three things in the exhibition are "Storm-Swept," "Evening," and "A Welsh Cottage." In the same gallery are to be seen some "Figure Subjects, Landscapes, and Decorative Panels" by the late Mr. W. S. Coleman, to be sold at modest prices for the benefit of his widow.

The death of Mr. Henry Le Jeune, A.R.A., does not cause any vacancy in the ranks of Associates of the Royal Academy. Nearly twenty years have elapsed since Mr. Le Jeune's retirement and his consequent replacement—not by another painter, but, as it happened, by a sculptor, Mr. Alfred Gilbert.

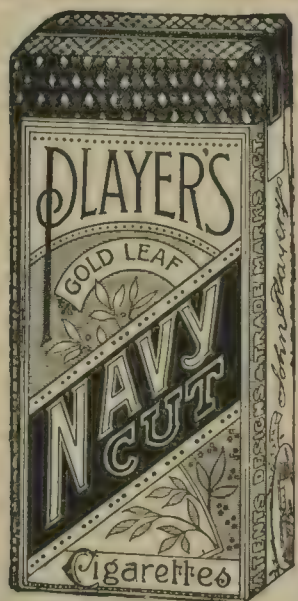
The impetus with which the various art schools, from St. John's Wood to Newlyn, began their terms has been well maintained. Nearly all the available space in the schools is occupied, and at St. John's Wood there is talk of the strengthening of an existing school by the adhesion of a Royal Academician whose name is an assured attraction. Pupils of all ages are at work in the schools; and in one of them a little flutter has been caused by the appearance of Mr. Henry J. Wood, master of the bâton, as a student of the brush. W. M.

Messrs. Hedges and Butler have received from their correspondents in the various wine districts the most encouraging reports respecting this year's vintage. As regards Burgundy, the vintage operations are taking place in splendid weather, and the wines in prospect will be of a superior quality. In hock and Moselle there is every sign of a very fine vintage indeed; and in Cognac brandy the prospects of the 1904 vintage are highly promising.

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IN DEED.”

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 25, 1899), with a codicil (of March 8, 1904), of MR. HENRY NEWSUM, of South Park House, Lincoln, who died on Sept. 10, was proved on Oct. 4 by Edward Newsum, the brother, and Arthur Crookes Newsum, and Clement Henry Newsum, the sons, the value of the estate being £187,600. The testator gives £1000, and during her widowhood an annuity of £1200, and the use and enjoyment of South Park House, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Newsum; £500 to his brother Edward; £50 and an annuity of £100 to his brother James; and an annuity of £60 to his brother Joseph. The residue of his property he leaves in trust for his children.

The Irish probate of the will (dated April 20, 1904) of MR. PATRICK CADOGAN, of Castle Cottage, 103, Rathgar Road, Dublin, who died on Aug. 8, granted to Richard Kavanagh, Thomas Brindley, Henry Charles McWeeney, John William Bacon, and Michael Kavanagh, was resealed in London on Sept. 27, the value of the estate in England and Ireland being £116,645. He gives £500, and during her widowhood an annuity of £2000, or of £500 should she again marry, to his wife; £300 each to his executors; and £500 to the parish priest of Rathgar. The residue of his property is to accumulate until the decease of Mrs. Cadogan, when he gives £6000 to various hospitals and Roman Catholic institutions in Ireland; £10,000 each to Alfred Samuel Arnold and John Joseph Batson; £30,000 to Claude Patrick Kavanagh; and many other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to Richard Kavanagh.

The will (dated Jan. 22, 1903), with five codicils, of MR. JOHN EARLEY COOK, of Knowle Hill, Cobham, who died on



A DUNDEE SHIELD FOR THE NATAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

A handsome Silver Shield will shortly be presented for annual competition to the Natal Rifle Association by Messrs. James Watson and Company, Ltd., the well-known whisky-distillers, of Dundee. The shield is of sterling silver, oxidised, and weighs over 200 ounces.

Feb. 2, was proved on Sept. 28 by Reginald Augustus Warren, Reginald Olliver Warren, and John Fisher, the executors, the value of the estate being £99,560. The testator gives £1000 to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; £200 for the benefit of Dewhurst School (Cheshunt); and, during the life or widowhood of his wife, £60 per annum to the London Hospital and £30 per annum to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. On the decease of Mrs. Cook, or her remarriage, he further gives £30,000 to the Peabody Donation Fund; £2000 to the London Hospital; £1500 to St. Bartholomew's Hospital; £1000 each to the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution and the Church of England Scripture Readers' Society; £500 each to the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots, the National Benevolent Institution, the Clergy Orphan Corporation, and the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society; £300 each to All Saints' Convalescent Hospital (Eastbourne), the London City Mission, the Anchorage Mission, the London Orphan Asylum, and the Infant Orphan Asylum; £200 each to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum (Margate), the Indigent Blind Society, the Margate Infirmary, the Seaside Convalescent Home, and St. Thomas's Hospital; £100 to the Bolingbroke Hospital; and the proceeds of the sale of certain jewels are to be invested and the income applied towards the payment of the stipend of the curate of St. Clement, Turnford, Cheshunt. After making very ample provision for Mrs. Cook, and the payment of various legacies, the ultimate residue is to go to such charitable institutions as his executors may select.

The will (dated March 18, 1903) of MR. CHARLES WILLIAM WATERS, of Lyndhurst, Aldington Road, Streatham, who



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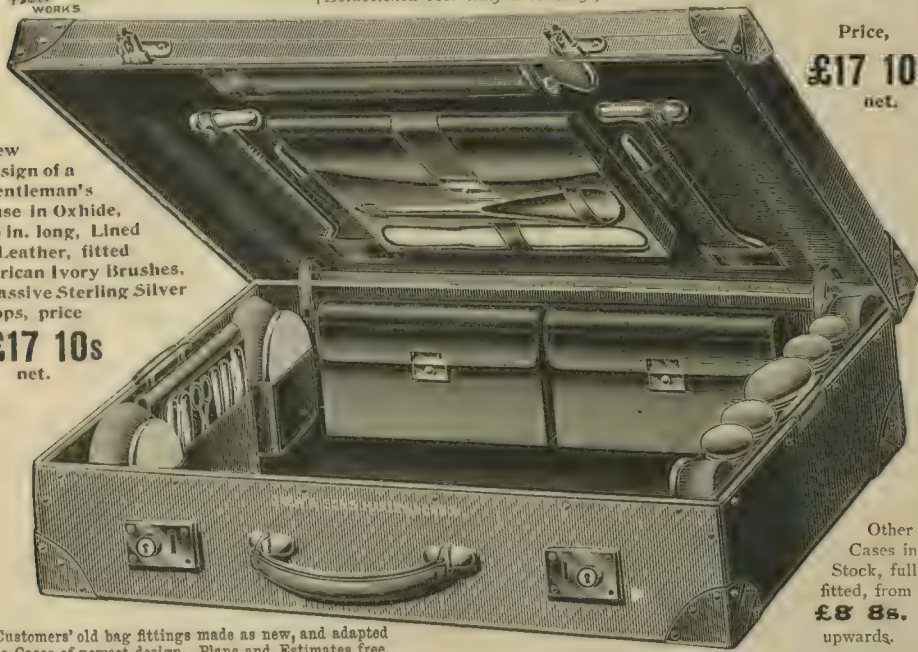
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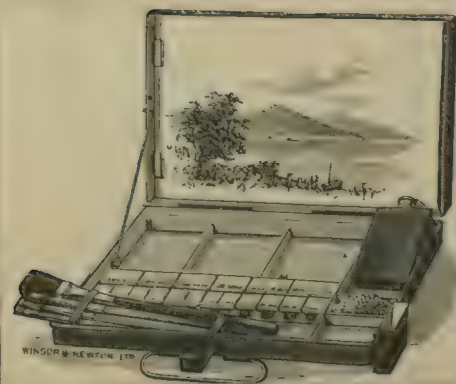
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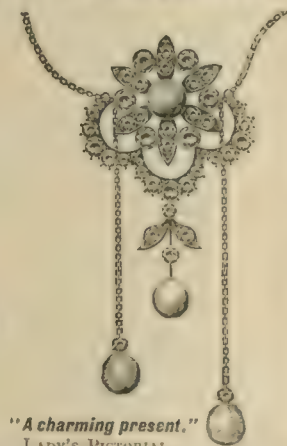
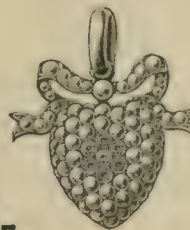
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died on Aug. 18, was proved on Sept. 30 by Albert Henry Waters, the son, and Stanley Hoare, the executors, the value of the estate being £76,393. The testator gives £1000 each to the London Fever Hospital, the London Hospital, the Charing Cross Hospital, University College Hospital, and the Royal Free Hospital; £100 and annuities of £300 each to his daughters Alice Arnold Waters and Rhoda Blyth, and to his daughter-in-law Katherine Waters; £500 and 5000 £5 shares in C. W. Waters, Ltd., to his son; £105 each to his executors; an annuity of £120 to his housekeeper Margaret Carville; annuities of £60 each to his nieces Louisa and Rosetta Waters; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves in trust for his son for life, and on his decease one half thereof is to go to his son's children, and one sixth in trust for his two daughters and daughter-in-law, and their respective children.

The will (dated Nov. 26, 1899) of Mr. WILLIAM CHARLES RENSHAW, the famous lawn-tennis player, of

Shore Villa, Swanage, and late of 31, Piccadilly, who died on Aug. 12, was proved on Oct. 3 by Miss Edith Ann Renshaw, the sister, the value of the property amounting to £61,604. The testator gives the first Lawn Tennis Championship Cup won by him to his sister, and the second cup to his half-sister Nellie Violet Ward Meara; £500 to his godson, Myles Wood; £50 to Elizabeth Hulls; and £50 per annum to his coachman, John Bamfield, and his wife, and the survivor of them. One half of the residue of his property he leaves to his sister, and the other half between his half-sisters Nellie Violet Ward Meara and Ida Trevor Meara.

The will (dated Aug. 30, 1904) of the REV. GEORGE RIDDING, Bishop of Southwell, of Thurgarton Priory, Nottingham, who died on Aug. 30, has been proved by Lady Laura Ridding, the widow, the value of the estate being £53,986. The testator leaves all his property to his wife.

The will (dated Oct. 17, 1900) of Mr. JAMES ARLOSH, M.A., of Woodside, Wreay, Cumberland, who died on July 7, was proved on Oct. 4 by Arthur Henry Worthington and William James Heskett, the value of the real and personal estate being £53,086. The testator leaves all his property, in trust, for his wife, Mrs. Isabella Arlosh, for life, and then to David Ainsworth, the Rev. Henry Enfield Dowson, Richard Harrop, George Highfield Leigh, and the Rev. Douglas Walmsley, and the survivor of them, as joint tenants.

The Scotch confirmation of the trust disposition and settlement of SIR WILLIAM HENDERSON, LL.D., of Devanha House, Aberdeen, shipowner, who died on June 9, granted to the Rev. James Henderson, George Thompson Henderson, and Alexander Duff Henderson, the sons, has just been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £48,354.

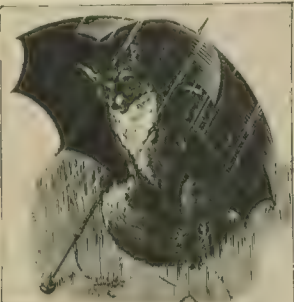
The will (dated June 14, 1904) of SIR ROBERT WILLIAM WRIGHT, one of the Judges of the Queen's

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Bench Division, of Headley Park, Southampton, and 14, St. James's Place, who died on Aug. 13, was proved on Oct. 5 by Hugh Morrison and Ernest Humbert, the value of the real and personal estate being £39,863. The testator bequeaths £500 to his sister Margaret; £200 to his sister Mrs. Augusta Despard; £200 and part of his law books to his clerk George Davy; and £100 to Ernest Humbert. Subject to the payment of the sums he has covenanted to pay to the trustees of the marriage settlements of himself and his sister Mrs. Despard, he leaves two thirds of the residue of his property to his wife, and one third, in trust, for his sister Margaret, for life, and then to his wife; but should Lady Wright predecease his sister, then to his other sister, Mrs. Despard.

The will (dated July 20, 1904) of MR. THOMAS DAWSON GRAHAM, of The Larches, Penrith, who died on July 22, has been proved by Tom Dawson Graham, the son, and Charles Henry Allan, the value of the estate being £31,107. The testator gives to his wife, Mrs. Martha Mary Curwen Graham, £200, the money in the house, all rents due to him at the time of his death, and the income from the residue of his property.

Subject to Mrs. Graham's interest he leaves his estate and effects in certain shares to his four children, James Ewan Christian, Hartley, Maud Christian, and Tom Dawson.

A tribute has been paid to British industrial art at the St. Louis World's Fair by the award to Messrs. Waring and Gillow, Limited, in connection with their exhibit of decorative interiors, of the highest honours obtainable—namely, two grand prizes and two gold medals. The former are given for furniture and decoration, and the latter for upholstery and sanitation.

Father Waggett is on his way home from South Africa, where he has done valuable work in connection with the Mission of Help. At the close of the Natal meetings a conference was held between the Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Baines, and the speakers from England. The important subject of the supply of clergy was considered. As a good result of the Mission, five parents in Maritzburg have determined to devote a son to the ministry of the Church. Someone remarked at the Conference "that the

Colonies must give up importing everything. They must try and grow their own clergy."

St. Margaret's, Westminster, has lately lost a valued member in Mr. Hunt, one of the churchwardens. Dean Armitage Robinson, in a recent sermon, paid a tribute to his memory. He recalled the day, six years ago, when Mr. Hunt met him in the vestry and offered his valuable services. He was also auditor of the Westminster Abbey accounts, an office which he faithfully discharged, returning the professional fee which was paid him year by year.

The little book of verses that made Mr. Henry Newbolt's name has been reissued at a shilling, in paper covers, by Mr. Elkin Mathews. "Admirals All" and "Drake's Drum" have now reached their twenty-first edition, and in the publisher's "Shilling Garland," the series of which the new issue is the latest number, the author has made several additions to his poems. It is doubtful whether Mr. Newbolt has ever quite attained the same inspiration as was granted him in his earlier efforts, but these fortunately remain still ringing and still readable.

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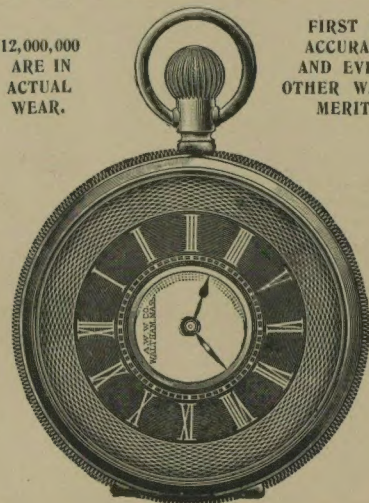
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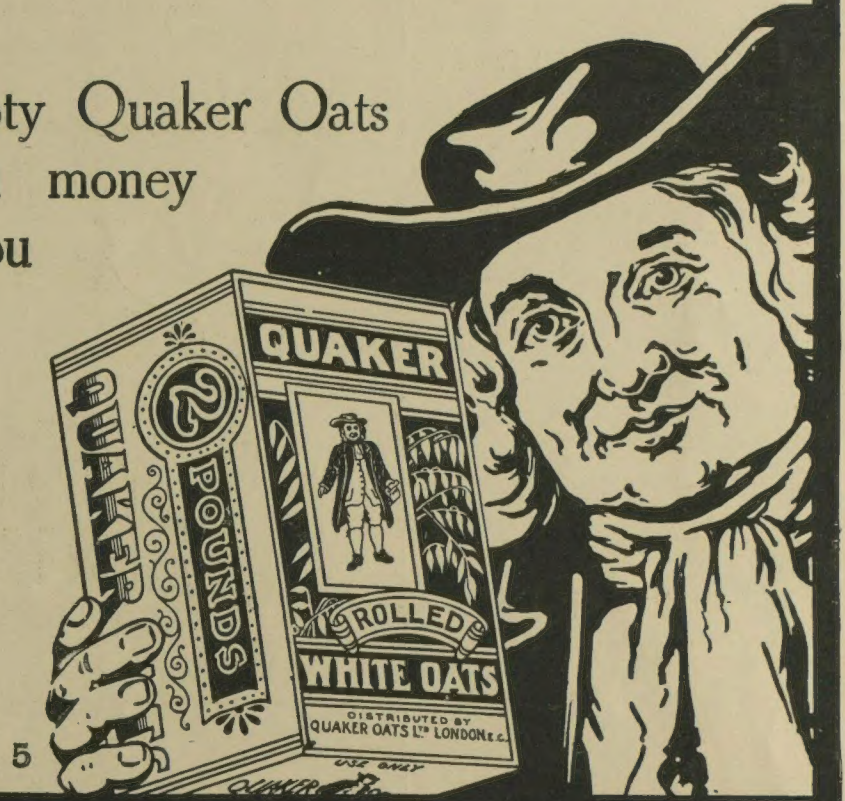
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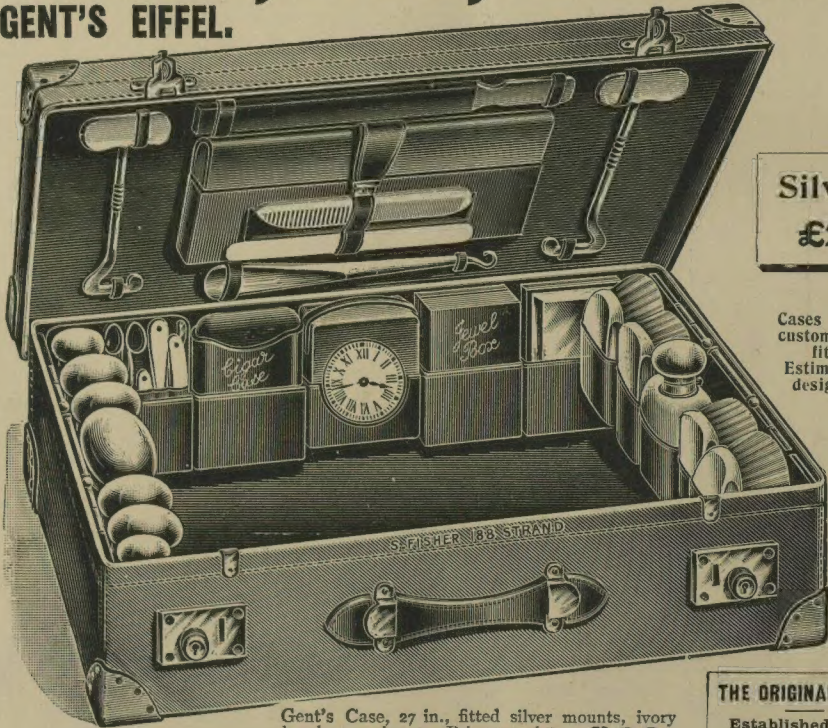


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